The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* June *will be noticed in the* July *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th July *in the* August *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

We understand that Lord Rowton is making steady progress with the long expected Life of Beaconsfield. The delay is, we believe, in great part due to the fact that the Queen has made a point of reading every important document and letter before it is inserted in the biography.

Dr. George MacDonald has again taken up his residence for the summer at Haslemere. We are glad to learn that he bore the journey from Italy very well, and that the state of his health is generally somewhat improved.

Messrs. Methuen and Co. will publish in the early autumn Mr. Arthur Morrison's new novel, at present entitled "To London Town." Messrs. H. S. Stone and Co., of Chicago, will issue the book simultaneously in America. Although "To London Town" is, we understand, a story of East-End life, it deals with quite a different phase from that touched upon in the same author's "Tales of Mean Streets" and "A Child of the Jago."

Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill's new novel, "Affairs of State," at present running serially in *Macmillan's Magazine*, will be published in book form both here and in America in the early part of next year. We hear that Messrs. Longmans and Co., not Messrs. Macmillan and Co., will be the publishers of the book. Our readers will remember that Messrs. Longmans and Co. were the publishers of Mr. Churchill's "Story of the Malakand Field Force."

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, we are glad to learn, still continues to make satisfactory progress towards complete recovery. He is not now, however, expected to sail from America until the latter part of June.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, who recently paid a flying visit to London, has returned to his more or less permanent quarters in Dresden. He has, for the present at any rate, given up the idea of writing the series of short stories for which it was announced some little time ago he had received a commission from a well-known American magazine. He is at present engaged, and is likely to be for some little time, on a long story, which we think we are correct in saying will prove to be somewhat in the same vein as his most popular book, "Three Men in a Boat."

"The Mediation of Jack Hamlin, and Other Stories," is the title of the volume which Messrs. Pearson will publish for Mr. Bret Harte during the forthcoming autumn season. The book will, as usual, be issued simultaneously in Boston by Mr. Harte's American publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co.

We learn that Mr. Frank T. Bullen, the author of those delightful books "The Cruise of the Cachelot" and "Idylls of the Sea," has recently resigned his appointment at the Meteorological Office in order that he may devote the whole of his time to literary work.

We hear that the new series of articles on East London which Sir Walter Besant has agreed to write for publication in the *Century Magazine* will commence in the Christmas number of that periodical, and that they will be enriched with drawings by Mr. Joseph Pennell and other distinguished English artists.

If the report be true that the writer known as Lucas Malet is about to join the Church of Rome, it is a strange irony of circumstance. For Lucas Malet is the pen-name of one of Canon Kingsley's daughters, and one cannot but recall his vigorous conflict with Newman and the detestation of Romanism which was felt by the author of "Westward Ho!" It may be remembered, however, that Sir Walter Scott wrote with some frequency of the "superstitions" of the Roman Church, and that his only living descendants are members of that Church.

The new edition of the Brontë novels that Messrs. Smith and Elder will publish, with introductions by Mrs. Humphry Ward, will be called the Haworth Edition. It will be beautifully illustrated.

The "Life of Charlotte Brontë" by Mrs. Gaskell which Mr. Clement Shorter is editing for Smith and Elder, and which will be published uniformly with Mrs. Humphry Ward's edition of the Brontë novels, will contain some forty hitherto unpublished letters by Charlotte Brontë, written to Mr. George Smith and to his mother.

Mr. Shorter, in addition to completing his edition of Mrs. Gaskell's book, will devote his leisure prior to the foundation of a new illustrated paper to the preparation of his library catalogue, some fragments of which—as, for example, the article on Omar Khayyám—have appeared in The Bookman. This bibliographical catalogue will be published by Messrs. Ward and Lock in October, under the title of "An Editor's Bookshelves."

Mr. H. G. Wells's new book, "When the Sleeper Wakes," has three of the remarkable illustrations which accompanied its production in the *Graphic*. These are by M. Lanos, for whose benefit the work was translated into French.

Mr. Henry James has been making a long stay in Italy this spring, but he will, according to present arrangements, leave Rome early this month for his house at Rye, from which the traces of the fire are being obliterated in his absence.

Mr. Stephen Crane has just finished the novel on which he has been engaged since his return from Cuba. The book will probably not appear until next year, as the novel is to be published serially in the first instance.

We hear persistent rumours of an impending lawsuit between the members of a certain family whose name is

MR. W. B. YEATS.
From a drawing by Mr. J. B. Yeats. Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Fisher Unwin.

well known in journalistic circles. The dispute is touching the conversion into a limited liability company of the periodicals with which the family is identified.

The success of Mr. Yeats's enterprise in Dublin, in connection with the Irish Literary Theatre, should stimulate the interest in his poetry. In the new edition of his poems published by Mr. Fisher Unwin there is evidence of considerable revision, for he is a fastidious artist restlessly striving after perfection. It includes, of course, his two dramas, "The Land of Heart's Desire" and "The Countess Cathleen," as well as "The Wanderings of Oisin" and the best known of his lyrics; but some readers will miss at least two short poems published in THE BOOKMAN, which they could ill spare. In the preface he tells us that the poems in the section called "The Rose" are expressions of his maturer vision, a vision of "the only pathway from which he may hope to see beauty and wisdom with his own eyes." The frontispiece is a sketch by the poet's father, Mr. J. B. Yeats. This volume and "The Wind in the Reeds," reviewed in our last issue, contain, he says, all his published poetry which he cares to preserve.

We are glad to hear that the first edition of Mr. W. B. Yeats' new book, "The Wind in the Reeds," is nearly exhausted, and that a second edition is in active preparation.

Mr. Bernard E. J. Capes, the author of "The Lake of Wine" and "The Comte de la Muette," has recently completed the manuscript of a new novel, entitled "Our Lady of Darkness." It will be published in this country by Messrs. Blackwood and Son, and in America by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co. Messrs. Blackwood and Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co. were respectively the English and American publishers of "The Comte de la Muette."

Messrs. Chapman and Hall will publish, at an early date, a new short novel by Mr. Harry Lander, entitled "The Satellite's Stowaway." Readers of Mr. Lander's "Lucky Bargee" will look forward with interest to the advent of this new work from the same author's pen. "The Satellite's Stowaway" will, we understand, be illustrated by Mr. Lander's brother.

Miss Adeline Sergeant, who has recently been travelling in the East, has broken her journey at Hyères, where she has been staying for the last two or three weeks. Miss Sergeant has recently completed a new novel entitled "Daunay's Tower."

Mr. Robert Barr is, with the aid of Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, preparing a dramatic version of his novel, "The Countess Tekla," and we believe that negotiations are already in progress for its production at one of the leading theatres of London.

Important developments are contemplated by the proprietors of *Lippincott's Magazine* with a view to keeping it abreast of its competitors. Mr. Pett Ridge and Mr. Cope Cornford have been commissioned to write novels for it, and during his recent visit Mr. Craigie Lippincott made other arrangements with a view to enlisting for the magazine the services of others among the younger school of authors.

We think we were among the first to draw attention in this country to the humorous work of Mr. Gelett Burgess. His stories and illustrations are now appearing regularly in several English periodicals. The Series of Fairy Tales, entitled "The Lively City o' Ligg," at present running in the *Queen*, will, we understand, be collected and published as a Christmas book for children by Messrs. Methuen and Co. The same firm are, we hear, also to issue Mr. Burgess's "Goop Babies," at present running through *St. Nicholas*.

Mrs. Clement Shorter will publish in October, through Messrs. Ward and Lock, a prose volume, entitled "The Father Confessor, and Other Stories." One of these tales will appear in the *Windsor Magazine* for July.

Mr. Percy White, who delighted us all some time ago by his ruthless exposure of suburbanism in "Mr. Bailey

Martin," and who has never given us quite equal pleasure since, although his "Corruption" and "A Passionate Pilgrim" were effective works, is shortly to publish a new novel bearing the picturesque title, "The Heart of the Dancer."

Francis, Count Lützow, the author of the new history of Bohemian literature just published in Mr. W. Heinemann's "Literatures of the World" series, is the head of a very ancient Bohemian family. When a young man he spent several years at Rome as attaché to the Austrian Embassy, and devoted much time to the study of the history of art. Afterwards he proceeded to the Austrian Embassy in London, and since then has spent part of every year here. Several months in each year are spent at the Castle of Zampach, the Countess's estate in Bohemia. In 1885 Count Lützow was chosen to represent the Bohemian landowners in the Parliament of Vienna. Four years later he retired from political life in order to devote himself to

COUNT LÜTZOW.

historical study. He published "Bohemia, an Historical Sketch," and in recognition of this and other historical work, was in 1897 elected a corresponding member of the Royal Bohemian Society of Sciences at Prague.

Mr. S. Levett Yeats, the success of whose "Honour of Savelli" was recently followed by his "Heart of Denise," is a young officer in the Indian army who has to give five years more of service to the Empire before he can retire to live upon novel-writing and the generous pension of the Indian Government. Mr. Yeats is at present holiday-making in England. He will return to India by the overland route, taking Avignon on the way. This is not in emulation of Mr. Justin McCarthy's hero-worship of John Stuart Mill—Mr. McCarthy, it will be remembered, having visited Avignon to see the great economist's tomb—but because Mr. Yeats intends that his next romance shall treat of Avignon as the city of the Popes and of the anti-Popes—a fourteenth century theme that has never so far, we believe, been dealt with by any novelist.

Mr. Max Pemberton has now completed arrangements with Mr. Charles Frohman, of New York, for the production of a dramatised version of "The Garden of Swords."

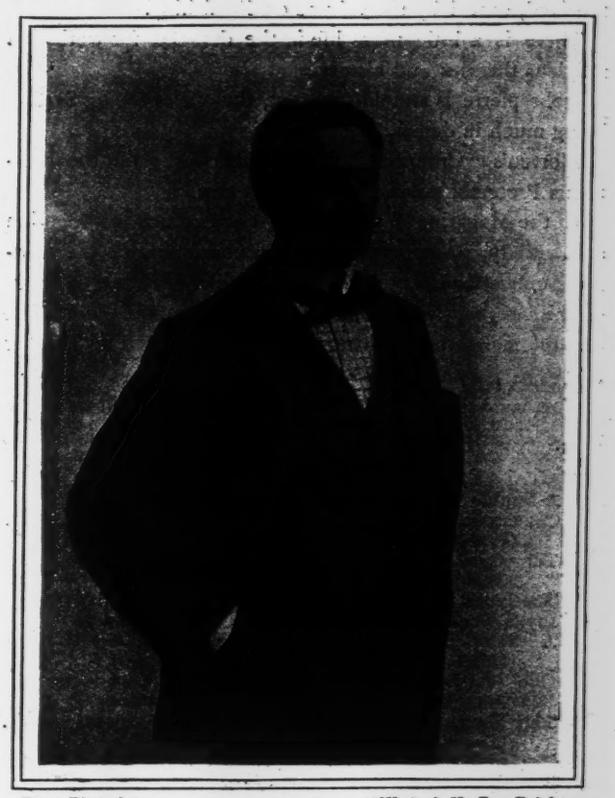
We have pleasure in giving a portrait of Mr. E. G. Fairholme, the indefatigable secretary of the Publishers'

MR. E. G. FAIRHOLME.
From Photo by Vandyk.

Congress, to which further reference is made in The Reader.

A life of Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromartie, the celebrated translator of Rabelais, by the Rev. J. Willcock, Lerwick, will probably be published by Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier in the course of this year.

Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, whose novel, "The Procession of Life," we review on another page, is descended from an old English family. He was for some time in the army, but resigned his commission about sixteen years ago, and took a ranch in California with his brothers and several other young Englishmen. He is a keen sportsman and big game hunter. Some of his sporting experiences have been published in the *Pall Mall Magazine*.



From Photo by [*W. & A. H. Fry, Brighton.*
MR. H. A. VACHELL.

MONTHLY REPORTS OF THE WHOLESALE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

APRIL 24TH TO MAY 22ND, 1899.

There has not been quite so much business done this month as in former years, and this is no doubt attributable in a large measure to the cheapening of books. The country trade is still very quiet. Colonial and foreign business is fairly well maintained, but even here, the labour expended in executing the orders is in many cases a very serious item.

The 6s. novel continues to enjoy the patronage of the public, and long may it be so. The favourite work of fiction is "A Double Thread," by E. T. Fowler, and "No. 5, John Street," by R. Whiteing, is a good second.

The issue of 6d. editions of standard works continues with considerable vigour. Large editions have in most instances been printed, and it is fervently hoped that they will be sold out during the holiday season.

It is scarcely necessary to mention that Guide Books and works on out-door pursuits generally are having a good time just now.

There is not so much demand for the cheap and beautiful reprints of English Classics which have had a long run of popularity. Perhaps the publication of the 6d. series may in some measure account for this.

Several important works on the Empire of China have appeared, and for the class of publication have sold well.

There is a distinct lull in the enquiries for Kipling's various publications, and C. M. Sheldon's stories are not sought after as was the case in the earlier part of the year.

The Haddon Library, a collection of works embracing the various country out-door pursuits, has been well received, especially the volume on Fly-fishing.

There is a little more life in the demand for works on religious theories and history.

Robespierre is still in the front, the "Story" by Sardou being much in demand.

Horton's "Cromwell" and similar works on the illustrious Protector are a good line just now.

In the Magazine World there is still much competition and activity. Among general magazine literature the leading publications are *Pall Mall*, *Harper*, *Pearson*, *Harmsworth*, *Strand*, *Windsor*, and *Royal*. The *Art Portfolio* is steadily increasing in favour with the public. The *Woman at Home* is unrivalled as a lady's magazine.

The usual list of leading works follows, and will be found to be a correct index to the public literary taste of the hour.

A Double Thread. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)
The Garden of Swords. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Cassell.)
The Black Douglas. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Idylls of the Sea. By F. T. Bullen. 6s. (Richards.)
A Semi-Detached Marriage. By A. Kenealy. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
One Poor Scruple. By Mrs. Ward. 6s. (Longmans.)
Swallow. By H. R. Haggard. 6s. (Longmans.)
The Game and the Candle. By R. Broughton. 6s. (Macmillan.)
England's Peril. By W. Le Queux. 6s. (White.)
The Fowler. By B. Harraden. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)
A Duet, with an Occasional Chorus. By A. C. Doyle. 6s. (Richards.)
The Awkward Age. By H. James. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Victim. By G. d'Annunzio. 6s. (Heinemann.)
No. 5, John Street. By R. Whiteing. 6s. (Richards.)
The Reformation Settlement. By M. MacColl. 7s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)
Memoirs of Sergeant Bourgogne. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Cromwell. By R. F. Horton. 3s. 6d. (J. Clarke), and Cromwell literature generally.
Fly-Fishing. By E. Grey. 7s. 6d. net. (Dent.)
The Human Machine. By J. F. Nisbet. 6s. (Richards.)
The Etchingham Letters. By Maitland and Pollock. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
A Diary of St. Helena. By Lady Malcolm. 5s. (Innes.)
Aspects of Religious Thought. By R. H. Hutton. 5s. (Macmillan.)
Story of Robespierre. By V. Sardou. 6s. (Pearson.)
Robespierre. By G. H. Lewes. 3s. 6d. (Chapman and Hall.)
The Queen's Service. By H. Wyndham. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
April 29—Trade has been quiet except for the magazines. Foreign and Colonial orders satisfactory.
May 6—A slightly better week in the home department. Colonial and Continental business brisker.
„ 13—The week has been a moderate one only at home. Colonial and foreign departments fairly busy.
„ 20—Home business slightly better, but quiet still. Foreign and Colonial business improving.

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(2) SCOTLAND.

APRIL 20TH TO MAY 20TH, 1899.

The exceptional briskness of the spring trade was well maintained during the month under review, and was augmented by the publication of guide books and handbooks for summer travellers throughout the picturesque and historical districts of Scotland.

The leading features of the business done were the continued output of sixpenny volumes of well-known works, the large sale of magazines, and the efforts made by the publishers in competing with one another to gain trade at cheap rates. Both retail and wholesale booksellers in consequence experienced much labour for little profit, and the cost of transit and handling are continuing to be to them matters of serious concern.

Biography and autobiography bulked prominently throughout the month. The following works were taken up well: "Autobiography of Mrs. Oliphant," Justin McCarthy's "Reminiscences," "Lumsden of the Guides," Dr. Pierson's "Life of George Muller," and the completed volume of Sir Wemyss Reid's "Life of Gladstone," which was recognised as an able work on the great statesman's eventful life, now published on the anniversary of his death.

Those interested in matters of art were well supplied with the various handbooks to the Royal Academy exhibition, and in poetry the beautifully printed edition of "Tennyson" in the Globe Series had a good sale.

The book selected by the "Review of Reviews" as the book of the month "The Temperance Problem and Social Reform," by Rowntree and Sherwell, very speedily ran into a third edition. Several religious works of note were published, but the sale of Sheldon's books began to decline.

With the annual meetings of the Church Courts and Religious Societies were published opportunely, Dr. Dale's "Essays and Addresses," the second volume of Dr. Hastings' "Dictionary of the Bible," and the "Centenary History of the London Missionary Society."

The issue of sixpenny editions of well-known popular works continued with vigour, and in addition to the new

venture by Messrs. Methuen in the Novelist Library, the most prominent of these were "Ships that Pass in the Night," "Window in Thrums," "Adam Bede," and "Mr. Dooley," with the immediate prospect of an edition of "Lady Audley's Secret," and also of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

At six shillings no very successful novel appeared during the month, but the popularity of "A Double Thread," "Isabel Carnaby," "The Fowler," "Well, After All," "The Garden of Swords," and "No. 5, John Street" continued, and at three shillings and sixpence the leading book was Silas Hocking's "Day of Recompense."

"Pearson's," "Harmsworth's," and the "Royal" magazines had very large sales, and the "Woman at Home" very early went out of print.

The following is our list of best selling books :—

A Double Thread. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
No. 5, John Street. By R. Whiteing. 6s. (Richards.)
The Temperance Problem. By Rowntree. 6s. (Hodder.)
Mr. Dooley in Peace and War. Several Editions.
Madam Izan. By Mrs. Campbell Praed. 6s. (Chatto.)
Rachel. By J. H. Findlater. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Countess Tekla. By R. Barr. 6s. (Methuen.)
Samuel Boyd. By B. L. Farjeon. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Black Douglas. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Life of Gladstone. Edited by Sir W. Reid. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)
The Garden of Swords. By M. Pemberton. 6s. (Cassell.)
Tennyson's Poems. Globe Edition. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
Dale's Essays and Addresses. 6s. (Hodder.)
George Muller's Life. By Dr. Pierson. 6s. (Nisbet.)

THE READER.

LITERARY LONDON.

[NOTE.—The following paper was prepared at the request of the Washington Club, Washington, U.S.A. As this is the most exclusive club in the capital, and no reporter has ever been inside its doors, I felt as free to express myself as if gossiping at an afternoon tea. In consequence, I had to cut very large slices out of the paper when preparing it for publication, thus producing an unavoidably rough effect. —G. A.]

OF course, you understand that Literary London is a fact, not a name. I know nothing about Boston, but what is known as the Literary Set in New York consists of the leading publishers, the editors of the big magazines, a few authors and artists, and a great many more or less wealthy and fashionable people who are clever, well read, and up to date in every way, but who do not pretend to write. But Literary London means something under a thousand people, who write anything from scientific works to anonymous stories in the *Family Herald*, and who meet constantly during the season at one another's houses or tiny flats. Of course, this set also includes publishers and editors; and it frequently laps over into the artistic and theatrical sets.

These people visit and entertain more or less during the winter season, but during the summer season they are almost as busy socially as the smart folk, and I think this is one reason why such a good *rapprochement* exists between its members. People who constantly meet are bound to take some interest in each other; and very little of that sentiment exists among the writers of the United States. In the nine years that I have been before the public—if I may be pardoned a personal illustration—I have received just one letter (or message) from an American author, with whom I had no previous acquaintance. During the four years I have lived in England I have never attended a literary reception that I have not had a half-dozen people, generally women, come up and introduce themselves and say something complimentary or encouraging. And, of course, mine is no isolated experience.

It is quite true that there is an immense amount of log-rolling in London, but, after all, the active principle of log-rolling is kindliness. On the other hand, as among all mortals, there is jealousy and heart-burning and malice; and there is more than one enlarged head—particularly among the comets. But there is, uniformly, courtesy. And although there is log-rolling—of which, personally, I disapprove, as it vitiates criticism—and although many books are puffed by newspapers whose editors are either friends of the authors or are under social obligations to them, on the other hand, there is no place in the world where the new writer is so quickly and generously recognised on his merits; and one reason of this undoubtedly is that literary people are so constantly meeting and talking shop. Of course, conscientious and cultivated criticism has something to do with it.

Social literary London is a complex affair. There are sets within sets, and there are great functions where all meet on common ground. The Authors' dinner is one of these, and it usually opens the season. Only members of the Authors' Society are admitted—although occasionally a guest creeps in—and in order not to have it overcrowded the price is a guinea a plate. It takes place in the large banqueting room of the Holborn Restaurant, and usually 250 to 300 people sit down—men and women. There are always a great many distinguished people present, and the dinner is excellent, but I must confess to have attended but one. I was bored to death. Nothing could exceed the dulness of the speeches, most of which were a half-hour long. First the Chairman prosed away; then an ambassador spoke in French for thirty-five minutes; then an able writer spoke, and spoke, and spoke until the chairs of the lower tables scraped by themselves. When it came to Rider Haggard's turn he literally beat his breast in the effort to be animated and jolly.

Then there is the Vagabonds' Club, so called because it has no home, but dines itself once a month at whatever restaurant suits its committee. Its members are all men, and there is always a guest of honour at the dinners—not necessarily an author, although usually so—and once a year they give a ladies' dinner. Some twelve or fifteen literary women, more or less distinguished, are asked to sit with prominent members at the high table, while other members have parties at the various long and small tables. Sometimes there are over a thousand people present—they overflow into the corridors and galleries—and it is much jollier than the Authors' dinner, where everyone seems oppressed by the memory of the guinea he has sacrificed for the honour of belonging to the aristocracy of the Society. But, on the other hand, the Vagabond committee always shows the most extraordinary lack of judgment in seating the guests at the high table. Men and women seldom alternate. At the first of these dinners I attended four women of note were all in a row, and I never saw a more lowering

quartette. As they all had huge puffed sleeves on a line with their ears, the effect was particularly funny.

At the conclusion of the dinner there are the usual speeches, some too long—Conan Doyle and Frankfort Moore are the worst offenders; some short, frothy, and witty. Anthony Hope is the best speaker I have heard upon these occasions. Of the women, Mrs. Henry Norman is by far the most graceful and witty speaker.

A reception in another room always succeeds the dinner, and what strikes one most forcibly, both at these functions and at the private gatherings, is the large number of small fry. They are always there, and sometimes their costuming is extraordinary. I have seen women in gowns—usually Greek—made from crash towelling, and others in so-called art velveteens cut like nightgowns or mother hubbards. Their head-dresses are too weird for description. London is beyond all question the headquarters for freaks, and some of the men are as bad as the women. But the fashionable writers are, almost invariably, smartly dressed and conventional to a degree. It seems to be a matter of pride with them; and sometimes the display of jewels is an advertisement for letters.

Of all these public dinners the Woman Writers' is by far the most successful. It takes place once a year, and is attended by 150 to 200 women. It is an offshoot of the Woman Writers' Club, of which the Princess Christian is the president, and some prominent literary woman chosen vice-president every year. The dinner and speeches are better, the atmosphere livelier, the machinery smoother than in any function of the sort I have attended in London.

Then there are the weekly teas at the Woman Writers' Club, which are crushes during the season; and, occasionally, a public reception, as when the Duchess of Sutherland —who writes prize puzzles for the *Gentlewoman*—lent Stafford House one night to the Society of Women Journalists. That was a brilliant and beautiful affair, although there came very near being a battle royal between two members of the receiving committee who wanted more honours than were due them.

In regard to the small fry, they enjoy these entertainments quite as well as the stars and the comets. They are never snubbed, although they receive no special attention. But you see them buttonholing everybody and apparently having a great deal to say. Some few appear to have nothing to say, and I have watched them at these affairs, public and private, which they so persistently attend, standing or roaming about, their satisfaction consisting in simply being there. And doubtless they also hope that if they are constantly seen they will acquire a sort of individuality.

I should like to speak of two other phases of literary London.

I do not know how familiar Mrs. Meynell's name may be to you. She is a little idol in London, however, and was discovered at intervals—beginning some few years since—by W. E. Henley, Coventry Patmore, and George Meredith. She represents the literature of words. I have read and re-read Mrs. Meynell's essays without receiving the slightest intellectual impression, and I have come to the conclusion that it doesn't matter whether I do or not, either way. They are words, words, words—exquisite words chosen with incredible care and arranged with an art that certainly produces a sort of harmony. Since she has become the fashion, those who conscientiously follow every fad refer to her vaguely as "elusive"; and she certainly is. But people who live in this lively young nation, where action never ceases, can hardly comprehend the value which the members of a certain inner satiated set in London place upon the art of mere words, the raptures into which they will go over an epigram—which is usually an inverted platitude—or over a musical sentence—a very lovely thing. The reason, of course, is obvious. In spite of the large number of first-rate writers in England to-day, there is no one who combines the genuine story-telling faculty with a perfect style. Even the worshippers of George Meredith will attempt but a feeble defence when his atrocious style comes up for discussion. Hardy, whose style is better, because simpler, lacks the higher distinction; although it seems ungracious to criticise the author of so great a novel as "Far From the Madding Crowd." Mrs. Ward is a good story-teller gone wrong, and Lucas Malet, whose "Wages of Sin" is a novel of quite uncommon power, is slip-shod and redundant. Kipling's style is his own, and he has caused his scorn for the "literary manner" to reverberate. The style of most of the "popular" romanticists is second-rate; and although Hope and Weyman write like scholarly gentlemen, and have cultivated an artistic brevity, they are not stylists. Therefore a certain group has grown up in London which, having too much culture and intellect, and most of whose members, having reviewed books *ad nauseam*, have made a fetish of what they call style, but which is in reality but that deeply considered combination of words which the French call *préciosité*. *Style c'est moi*, the only style which survives fads and reaches posterity, they do not take into account at all. (They loathe Kipling.) When a new writer appears whose every sentence glitters, they prostrate themselves before him, be he poet or prose-writer, and hail him as a new genius. That he lacks the first essential of genius, the creative fire, does not worry them at all. That variety must be discovered by Dr. Robertson Nicoll, by the *Saturday Review*, or by, possibly, the *Spectator*.

Satiety has always been a breeder of fads, and in every generation literature has had its sick man. About five years ago the *Yellow Book* was started, and the editors let it be understood that style alone would be the passport to its pages, and that the morbid little group in which the idea originated might indulge in every licence as far as subjects were concerned. They did; and it has always been a matter of wonder that the *Yellow Book* was not suppressed by the County Council. Its style—to use a convenient word—manner would be a better one—was *précis* beyond reproach, although so uniform that if the contributions had been published anonymously, the reader would have been at some difficulty to name the authors. Although the public gasped at the matter and a conservative press was both indignant and sarcastic, not a protest was heard from the group that had made words their gods.

That morbid phase passed, indecency went out of fashion, the *Yellow Book* reformed—and died; and such of its contributors as had decent ideas to clothe in words are now

writing for various publications, still commended, and little read. They all make epigrams.

Perhaps I should add that our own Henry James is in a great measure responsible for this group of stylists, of those who would sell a human emotion for three words uniquely put together. On the other hand, the group has been his own undoing. All these young men and women, upon whom Nature has bestowed the faculty to write rather than to create, have imitated Mr. James so ardently—no, the word ardent is entirely out of place in this emasculated band—so persistently and laboriously and so flatteringly—that he has finally turned about and begun to imitate himself. The consequence is that he has become so exacting that it is all he can do to finish a sentence. It is no wonder that his large and distinguished vocabulary, so dissected and weighed, and spending the greater part of its time under the microscope, should cease occasionally to have any meaning for Mr. James—or for his readers. He reviewed a book of mine once, and I do not know to this day whether he liked it or not.

The Henley group is a thing apart and far more reprehensible, for under its influence several really gifted writers have become automatons. Some six or eight years ago Mr. Henley was the editor of the *National Observer*. The paper was very brilliant, and he was commended for the devotion to letters he displayed in his careful training of the clever young men on his staff. There was one woman —Mrs. Meynell. Doubtless without Henley she would have been nothing; but among the young men were Gilbert Parker, H. B. Marriott Watson, G. W. Street, Mr. Lowry, and Arthur Morrison. The two first had, originally, a genuine gift for romance, Street and Lowry for the social study, and Morrison for revealing the terrible tragedies of the slums. But all are hard and flat and metallic; their books are frozen, petrified; and one is constantly losing the thread of the story in the self-consciousness and erraticisms of the style; they not only reek of the lamp, but the lamp is fed with an oil of so pungent an odour that the nose of the reader is always in the way of his receptive faculty. In other words, they are Henley-ridden this school, and Henley is something more than "precious." His mania for original phrasing is so great that he has sacrificed every principle of literary law and order to it. G. W. Steevens, the brilliant author of "The Land of the Dollar" and "With Kitchener to Khartoum," is the only one of his pupils who has shaken off his pernicious influence; and undoubtedly he owes his escape to the fact that he is a journalist writing at high pressure, and has no time to sit down and torture words. Both Mrs. Meynell and Mr. Henley are a sort of portent of the decadence, the loss of virility that must follow upon over-civilization.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

WHETHER this book should have been published or not is a question which we need not discuss. Of its great interest as the study of a life there can be no doubt at all. As a contribution to literary history it has a certain value. In particular, the lists at the end of Mrs. Oliphant's writings are useful, and we only wish that they had been made a little more full and exact. We have glimpses, too, of literary persons, but Mrs. Oliphant, though one of the hardest working writers ever known, pursued her occupation largely as a trade, and was not enthusiastically concerned in the fortunes of contemporary literature. She did not, as a rule, put a high estimate on the work of her competitors, but it is pleasant to find that she helped George Macdonald to get "David Elginbrod" published, and that she regarded him as in many ways a noble writer. In answer to what seems to have been a proposal that she should show up the Kailyard School, Mrs. Oliphant expressed her admiration for Mr. Barrie, and it ought to have been mentioned that she was also one of the promptest and most generous in recognising the genius of Rudyard Kipling. She looked upon these two young men as the leaders among their contemporaries. Is it to be counted against her that she thought George Eliot must be a man? Certainly her own writing is feminine when put beside that of the authoress of "Romola" and "Middlemarch."

Mrs. Oliphant is more interesting as a personality than as a writer. How was it that, in spite of her health and courage and eagerness and generosity, she yet found life so hard, so unsatisfying? We suspect the explanation is a very prosaic one. As is frankly explained in *Blackwood's* notice of this book, Mrs. Oliphant was always in debt to her publishers. She received advances on the strength of books that were not written. She would not economise. Everything with her had to be of the very best kind. Her sons were sent to Eton, she adopted other relatives and took charge of their fortunes. It would scarcely be fair to mention names, but there are other authors who were always similarly behindhand, and, as a rule, they have been miserable, miserable at least when the first freshness of youth was passed. Again, Mrs. Oliphant made an unhappy marriage. Her husband seems to have been a weakling in most respects. She scarcely tries to conceal her contempt for him, and contempt is fatal to love. This led her to believe that love and marriage play a very small part in the lives of average men and women. For this theory something may be said, but its advocates are not likely to understand the best kind of happiness. Mrs. Oliphant's relations to religion were curious. She began as a Free Church enthusiast. Her first book, "Margaret Maitland," is a story of the Disruption in Scotland. She maintained her connection with the Scotch Free Church in England, attending churches in Liverpool, and (though this is not mentioned) in Regent Square, London. About 1860 she undertook to write the life of Edward Irving, and was brought into contact with leaders on the other side. The result was the death of her old beliefs. She seemed to be more in sympathy with the Scotch Broad Churchmen of Principal Tulloch's type than with any others. But to the last she was a Christian, though, as she put it in her striking lines on Mr. Pigott (which again are not referred to in this book), she became "sick of believing, sick to see and know." But the great happiness and the great trouble of her life were in connection with her children. She suffered agony from the death of a promising daughter. Her two sons

*"The Autobiography of Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant." Edited by Mrs. Harry Coghill. 21s. (Blackwood.)

turned out unsatisfactorily, and when they both died she felt herself left alone, and her whole longing was to follow them.

Mrs. Oliphant's first literary work was mainly done in the spheres of fiction, biography, and criticism. Her stories, many of them, make delightful reading. They are full of reflection, and hardly one of them is altogether poor. But she just missed the highest achievement. She was not in the great sense an artist. She never said things briefly, plainly, unforgettably. She was apt to be tedious and prolix, and her words often ran away with her. In our judgment, the book of hers which shows the deepest feeling is "Agnes," but now it is known only to a few curious readers. It also is marred by diffuseness. She was never easier, happier, or more successful than in "Phœbe, Junior." A book of value might be written which would give the distilled essence of her reflection on life, but it is doubtful whether anyone would buy it. For a time she commanded high prices, receiving as much from the *Graphic* as £1,300 for the serial rights of a story, a sum which even in these days would be thought high. But we are afraid that in her last days people simply refused to read her fiction, whether in serial or in volume form. As a biographer she had the novelist's instinct, and could tell a story, but it was difficult for her to take the trouble to understand her subjects where she did not understand them from the beginning. And Mrs. Oliphant, when she wrote on things on which she knew nothing, was sillier than almost any other writer we have known. By far the best of her biographies is the life of Edward Irving. Her life of Montalembert is one of the worst biographies ever written, and that of Principal Tulloch is by no means successful.

She had great critical acuteness when she really took the trouble to go into the heart of a subject, and when her prejudice did not come into play. The best thing undoubtedly she ever wrote in this department was her magnificent panegyric and interpretation of "Clarissa Harlowe." Richardson never found such an interpreter. In the very same book one may turn to the article on John Wesley to discover that she had never taken the pains to look at John Wesley's Journal, that she had simply turned over hastily Southey's "Life of Wesley," and that she had no fresh knowledge of her subject. Her books on English Literature might properly be called scandalous if it were not for two or three good essays scattered through them. If anyone wishes to know to what depths she could sink, let him take her Literary History and read her views on philosophy. Nevertheless, when all is said and done, she was one of the very few people who can make criticism really interesting. One might agree or disagree, one might be pleased or angry, but it was impossible not to keep on reading. Her vocabulary, too, was very good, and she had a supply of adjectives equal to every demand made upon it.

It was a sad life and, being human, not a perfect life, but it was the life of a brave and noble woman who accomplished much, who gave pleasure, comfort, and instruction to very many, and whose books will remain among the most characteristic products of the Victorian era.

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF PUBLISHERS.

THE third session of the International Congress of Publishers, which will be held in London on June 7th, 8th, and 9th, promises to be particularly interesting to all bookmen. A special committee, consisting of the President and several members of the Council of the Publishers' Association of Great Britain and Ireland, has been formed to superintend the working of the Congress, to receive the delegates, and arrange the debates and discussions. Under its direction Mr. E. G. Fairholme, the General Secretary of the Congress, has been working indefatigably for some time past. The Stationers' Company has helped generously by lending their hall for the meetings and the banquet. The Lord Mayor has arranged a large reception at the Mansion House in honour of the occasion, when a number of prominent authors and journalists will be invited to meet the delegates, and by permission of Her Majesty the delegates will on Saturday afternoon visit the Royal Library at Windsor.

The forty or more foreign delegates are thoroughly representative, and the list of debates and papers to be read at the Congress covers every branch of publishing. The following are the more important items :—

"Resumé of the work of the Paris Congress, 1896."

"Resumé of the work of the Brussels Congress, 1897."

"The Protection of the International Rights of Publishers."

"On the Discount given to Private Individuals abroad. An International Agreement to prevent this abuse through the medium of members of the Associations."

"Concerning the Participation of all Governments in the Convention of Berne."

"Report dealing with the Rules in use, and points to be considered, in the Agreements between authors and publishers."

"On the disputes between collaborators, and their effect with regard to the privileges of publishers. M. Cerf, of Versailles, prepared and read a report on this subject at the Paris Congress, but the conclusions were not then discussed."

"On founding Technical Schools for publishers and booksellers in all countries which are, at present, without them."

"On the promotion of National Bibliographies as the most suitable foundation for the solution of the Bibliographical question; showing that it is desirable that in every country periodical National Bibliographies should be compiled and published in a uniform manner, without any abbreviations or references, but with an index, so that the contents of the volume may readily be seen."

"On Canadian Copyright and the relations between American and Canadian publishers."

"The Canadian Copyright Question."

"The Development of Publishing in Canada."

"On the protection of artistic and industrial designs."

"On the management of the Deutscher Verlegerverein and their method of procedure against bad debtors."

"On giving duty copies of books to Libraries for securing copyright."

"Report on the means of securing an efficient protection for new ideas of form and 'get-up' introduced into publications."

"The alienation of works of art and of the rights of reproduction."

Discussions on subjects not included in the above will be started by various members, and we trust that the following, which have been proposed by the Publishers' Association and to which we have added one or two suggestions, will receive due attention :—

"The increasing size and weight of books."

"The sale of Books of Reference by newspapers or syndicates."

Mr JOHN MURRAY

Mr C. J. LONGMAN
(Longmans, Green & Co)

Mr FREDK MACMILLAN
(Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)

Mr EDWARD BELL
(Geo. Bell & Sons.)

Mr A. RIMMER BLACK
(Adam & Charles Black.)

Mr F. J. CROSS
(Cassell & Co. Ltd)

Mr WILLIAM HEINEMANN.

Mr ARTHUR D. INNES
(A D. Innes & Co. Ltd.)

Mr R. B. MARSTON
(Sampson Low, Marston & Co. Ltd)

Mr WILLIAM POULTEN, Sec.

Mr ARTHUR E. MILES
Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co. Ltd

Mr REGINALD J. SMITH, Q.C.
(Smith, Elder & Co.)

Mr T. FISHER UNWIN

Mr M. H. HODDER, Hon. Auditor.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr HAROLD E. WARNE, Hon Auditor
(F. Warne & Co.)

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THE PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION, 1899. MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL, ETC.

From Photos by Maull and Fox, Cameron Studio, Russell and Sons, Arthur Weston, Lavender, W. Crooke, Lombardi and Co., Barraud, Elliott and Fry, and Bradshaw and Co.

"The undue length of Extracts in Reviews."

"On the Copyright of Titles."

"On the excessive cheapening of books, whether it does not lead to spoiling the taste for reading, and thereby decreasing the sale of books."

"The Postal tariff for books and magazines—the advisability of adopting the American Postal system."

"On the necessity for combined action so as to establish the value of photographic copyrights for reproduction purposes, obtained by photographers with little or no expense to themselves."

"On the present unsatisfactory means of Registration of books."

"On the necessity for a Reference Catalogue of copyright books."

"On the formation of a Magazine Proprietors' Association as a branch of the Publishers' Association."

The Congress will be conducted throughout in a most business-like spirit, and there can be no doubt that it will be productive of lasting good. The arrangements have entailed a heavy amount of hard work from the Committee of the Publishers' Association, which, we feel sure, will be more than repaid by the certain success of the Congress.

SHAKESPEARE IN FRANCE.*

By Professor Dowden.

THIS volume forms an important chapter in the history of the cosmopolitan spirit in French literature. That history has been written in M. Joseph Texte's admirable study, which has Rousseau for its centre, a study lately given to English readers in the excellent translation by J. W. Matthews. Frequent references are made by M. Texte to the influence of Shakespeare, but his theme—the intermingling of the French and the Teutonic genius—is more comprehensive than that of the present volume, and his work, which traces the influence of Richardson and Sterne, of Young and Macpherson, might almost be re-named "England in France." In his narrower field, which yet is wide, M. Jusserand's chief predecessor was Lacroix, whose "Histoire de l'Influence de Shakspeare sur le Théâtre français" was published at Brussels in 1856. Nor is Lacroix's work even now superseded, for he wrote on a more extended scale than M. Jusserand, and brought down his history to the day when the younger Hugo was preparing his translation of Shakespeare.

French literature was at no period inhospitable; the Renaissance in France received the kindling fire from Italy; the drama under Louis XIV. was in fruitful communication with Spanish literature; when Lesage became wholly French and wholly original he wrote his "Gil Blas," for which a Spanish counterpart has been sought in vain; when Beaumarchais became a true representative of the lighter genius of France he wrote his "Barber of Seville" and his "Marriage of Figaro." But France was slow to discover the literature of the Teutonic peoples. We might divide M. Jusserand's study into three chronological periods: that of the exclusion of the barbarian by the Mandarins; that of "the open door"; and, finally, that of the Shakespearian "sphere of influence." But the sphere of influence is far from implying any break-up of the empire of French literature; they manage these things better in France than in China; the barbarians are naturalised and are absorbed. Racine was eminently French, but so was Victor Hugo. "It would seem," wrote Renan, in a passage quoted on his concluding page by M. Texte, "that if it is to produce the best that is in it the Gallic race requires to be from time to time impregnated by the Germanic: the finest manifestations of human nature have sprung from this mutual intercourse, which is, to my mind, the source of modern civilisation, the cause of its superiority, and the best guarantee for its persistence in the future."

The idea of a *Welt-literatur*, as Goethe conceived it, is in no way hostile to the idea of nationality in literature. The free intellectual commerce of the whole world, of which Goethe spoke in his preface to the German translation of Carlyle's *Life of Schiller*, should only quicken and reinforce the individuality, as far as it is worth reinforcing, of each several country. The wise Solamona, in Bacon's philosophical romance, was jealous of the intrusion of foreigners in his New Atlantis; but from time to time Brethren of Salomon's House sailed forth to bring home a knowledge of the sciences, arts, manufactures, inventions of all the world. "We maintain a trade," said the governor of the House, in words which anticipate the desire of Goethe's great spirit, "not for gold, silver, or jewels; nor for silks; nor for spices; nor any other commodity of matter; but only for God's first creature, which was *Light;* to have *light* (I say) of the growth of all parts of the world." Which dream of the wise thinker of the seventeenth century was partly realised in the lifetime of Goethe, and has advanced towards more complete realisation since Weimar ceased to be the centre of the merchandise of light. Any belated attempts to revive the provincial spirit in literature may be viewed with sincere satisfaction; for, in the first place, it will be found that, whatever word may be inscribed on a banner, such an attempt is never really conducted in a provincial spirit; the centrifugal tendency acts under control of the more powerful centripetal; it is the imperial power of Parliament which authorises the action of a County Council; and secondly, it is highly desirable that the cosmopolitan spirit in literature should be fed by whatever a province can best produce to supply its needs. John Bull will not do less imperial work if he devours with his plate of beef a sufficient modicum of kail and of potatoes; these too will serve to build up the muscle of the never-weary Titan.

It was shown by Tocqueville that the spirit of the old *régime* ran on through all the changes initiated by the French Revolution and lived in many of the new institutions. In like manner it might be proved that French Romanticism, while it declaimed against the tyranny of the rules and would send guilty Academicians to the literary guillotine, did not in fact make the complete breach with the past which its more truculent partisans professed to desire. A perfect lyric by Victor Hugo has an ordonnance as strict as that of a tragedy by Racine, and Gautier was no wild revolutionary when he cut his cameos and coloured his enamels. On the other hand, Corneille had much of the romantic at his heart, and Racine shocked his contemporaries by the audacities which underlay his suavity. A classic is often a romantic in the cerecloth, and his successor, who revolts against the domination of death, is only

* "Shakespeare in France under the Ancien Régime." By J. J. Jusserand. 21s. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)

carrying on, amid the alterations of time and a new environment, the same energies of life put forth by the predecessor, and is only contending for the rights of the living as they had been asserted and fought for a hundred years before his time. The best influence exerted by Shakespeare in France was not destructive. The work of Racine is as indestructible as any most perfect work of a human hand; its truth to nature is as indefeasible as its obedience to the laws of art. But Shakespeare widened the horizons; he showed that there were new worlds to conquer; and he infused courage into the explorers of art in a new age, a courage sometimes abused, but which, with other co-operating powers, resulted as well in splendid victories as in deplorable disasters.

The prejudice which so long delayed the reception of English literature in France is explained by M. Jusserand as arising from the fact that French for some generations after the Norman conquest was the speech of the more cultured classes, while Latin was the language used by thinkers and scholars; English, therefore, was of no account, and it was assumed that any work deserving of Continental notice must necessarily be written in Latin. The history of Shakespeare in France is here carried back a little farther than earlier students had succeeded in following its traces. A copy of the Folio of 1632 was in the library of Louis XIV.; his librarian, Nicolas Clément, completed in 1684 the catalogue on which he had been engaged during nine years. The first word of Shakespearian criticism uttered in France is the note written by Clément on a slip of his catalogue: "Ce poète anglois a l'imagination assés belle, il pense naturellement, il s'exprime avec finesse; mais ces belles qualitez sont obscurcies par les ordures qu'il méle dans ses Comédies." It was not an ill word; to imagine nobly, to think naturally, to express oneself delicately—this was much; and it cannot be denied that Shakespeare, not only in his comedies, but in all his plays, offends often against the *bienséances* of the French stage. The "ordure" of Shakespeare may be reduced or eliminated from a stage representation; but who can anticipate the minor offences against good manners which the Shakespearian performer is required to enact, and which may alienate the spectators as much as graver improprieties? Even so late as 1827, when Charles Kemble and Miss Smithson (afterwards Mme. Berlioz) played with great success in Paris, M. Magnin, the critic of the *Globe*, watched anxiously when Hamlet seated himself at Ophelia's feet, lest such a violation of decorum in the pose of a tragic hero should too severely try the sympathy of a well-disposed audience. Hamlet's undignified attitude sent a thrill of "light surprise" through the spectators; but he was forgiven; and when the Prince bounded forward to the call of "Lights! lights!" upon the discovery of the poisoner's guilt, there was an outcry of admiration, which proved better than a thousand treatises, says Magnin, that there are "ways of reaching the sublime unknown to us."

The eighteenth century, the audacity and the timidity of Voltaire, his alarm at his own success in calling attention to the great barbarian, who afterwards became for him a maniac, a buffoon, the Gille of a country fair, La Place's exhibition of the back of the Shakespearian tapestries, Le Tourneur's epoch-making, yet most inexact, translations, the travesties executed in all good faith and with the most sincere enthusiasm on behalf of his patron-saint, St. William of Stratford, by the amiable and wrong-headed Ducis, with much besides, form the subject of the most interesting chapter of a very interesting book. For one who would study the life of Shakespeare—that posthumous life which he has lived during three hundred years in the mind of Europe—M. Jusserand's learned and entertaining volume is indispensable.

Happily too the English publishers have made the volume more valuable than the original by a series of nearly sixty theatrical illustrations. The history of the theatre is aided in an important way by information conveyed through the eye; such illustrations as have been chosen are not merely decorative; they are substantial additions to our knowledge. EDWARD DOWDEN.

THE JOURNALIST.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

The *Manchester Herald* is the latest addition to Manchester journalism. Unique in shape, as far as Cottonopolis is concerned—it consists of twelve pages of four columns—it has also struck out a distinct literary line for itself. Besides giving a summary of news, and expressing itself freely on matters local and general, it makes a feature of book reviews, literary gossip, and signed articles, and offers also a complete register of the port of Manchester, with particulars of bills of entry, which no other local paper publishes. The staff consists of Mr. W. Burnett Tracy, the editor and manager, who was lately associated with the *Manchester City News*, and formerly well known in London literary circles; Mr. S. G. Smeed (late of the *Manchester Evening Chronicle*), assistant editor; and Messrs. S. R. Raine and J. H. Duxbury in the sub-editing and reporting department. Mr. J. B. Bailey, who was concerned in the publishing of the London edition of the *New York Herald*, is the publisher and secretary to the company which owns the new venture. Considerable interest has been shown so far, and the sale of the first four numbers has been large.

Mr. T. Norris, formerly sub-editor of the *Manx Sun*, Douglas, Isle of Man, has been appointed chief reporter on the *Southport Visiter*, in succession to Mr. W. J. Foss, who, a short time ago, left to join the staff of the *Manchester Courier*. Upon Mr. Norris's secession from the *Manx Sun*, where he had acted as chief reporter and sub-editor for upwards of six years, the post was filled by Mr. J. A. Irvine, reporter on the same staff, who ultimately in December last severed his connection with the journal, and shortly afterwards was appointed chief reporter on the *Hastings and St. Leonards Weekly Mail and Times*, to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. White being appointed to the reporting staff of the London *Daily Mail*.

Mr. G. H. Peacock, of the *Chester Courant*, has been appointed the representative of the *Liverpool Courier* at St. Helens. He was presented, on leaving, with a handsome travelling bag by his colleagues on the Chester Press.

Mr. F. R. Sanderson, sub-editor of the *Lincolnshire Echo*, who formerly held an appointment on the staff of the *Liverpool Echo*, has been appointed sub-editor of the *Middlesbrough Evening Telegraph*.

Mr. J. W. Hickson, M.J.I., who has been connected with the *West Ham Herald* since 1891, has resigned his position as editor.

The *Dewsbury Reporter* published a special Hinchliffe number on May 10th, giving a full report of the Conference held the previous evening to discuss schemes for the application of the Hinchliffe Bequest. Dr. Matthew Hinchliffe, who died on 1st August, 1897, left £50,000 to the Corporation for the higher education of Dewsbury children, and since then the ratepayers have been discussing the best means of using the money. The Conference opened at seven o'clock in the evening and closed at eleven. At four o'clock the following morning

the *Reporter* published a twenty-eight column illustrated number, including a fourteen column report of the Conference. For a weekly paper this is smart work, and the *Reporter* has received many congratulations.

A new weekly venture is to be started at Berwick-on-Tweed, to be run on Radical lines. The price is to be ½d., and it is to be named the *Berwick Times*. Mr. Charles W. Brown, Galashiels, who at one time was connected with the *Scottish Leader*, is to be editor of the new venture.

The Gallery Lawn Tennis Season opened at the club's courts in Dulwich on the 6th May, when Mrs. Frank Waller (*Daily News*) entertained the members to tea in the pavilion. The club tournament opened on Saturday, the 13th May. Mr. J. H. Heron, Mr. A. H. Watson, and Mr. J. C. Duckworth again start at scratch. The games are to be on the Canadian principle this year. The 6th ult. being a day of sunshine and warmth the members and their friends sat down to tea outside the pavilion. On this occasion Mrs. J. C. Duckworth was the genial hostess. The membership of the club is now seventy-six strong, and the courts are amongst the best in South London. The new members include Mr. Leach, of the London *Evening News* staff, and Mr. J. Herbert Duckworth, artist-reporter on the *Morning Leader* and *Star* corps.

The *Western Chronicle*, published at Yeovil, has been acquired by the Western Printing and Publishing Company, Limited.

Mr. Ernest Hobson, who for the last five years has been a member of the *Times* Parliamentary corps, has joined the sub-editorial staff of the *Standard*. Mr. Hobson entered the Press Gallery twelve years ago as one of the representatives of the *Freeman's Journal*.

Mr. W. P. Byles has been the recipient of an address from more than 200 members of the staff on the occasion of his retirement from the proprietorship of the *Bradford Observer*. He said his chief anxiety in handing its conduct over to others had been for the preservation of its character for purity, justice, and courage.

On May 13th Mr. A. E. Fletcher, of the *North Star*, was presented with a Chippendale davenport writing-desk by the literary staff on his resignation to become managing editor of the *Yorkshire Herald* (York).

The *Northampton Mercury* and the *Northampton Daily Reporter* opened their new offices on The Parade, Northampton, on Whit-Tuesday. The printing machines and linotypes are all driven by electricity.

Mr. Bernard Campion, of Gray's Inn, chief sub-editor of the *Northampton Mercury*, has just passed the final law examination.

Mr. Ethelbert Fyson, for several years editor and part proprietor of the *Ilkeston Journal*, has just recently disposed of his interest in that property, and taken over the editorship of the *Ilford Recorder* series of newspapers. Mr. Fyson was a vice-chairman of the East Midlands District of the Institute of Journalists, and his genial personality will be greatly missed at the meetings of the District, especially on the part of his professional brethren in Nottingham.

Mr. David McGillivray, who has had the sub-editorial charge of the *Nottingham Evening News* for some time, has succeeded the late Mr. J. O. Jones as leader writer on the *Nottingham Express* staff. Mr. W. Rix has been appointed sub-editor of the *News*.

Mr. J. Ludlam Edmondson, sub-editor of the *Nottingham Evening Post*, is the author of a clever article in the current number of the *New Century Review*, on the subject of "Old-Age Pensions from the Friendly Society Point of View."

Mr. Frank A. Robinson, of the reporting staff of the *Nottingham Daily Guardian*, has been presented with a handsome writing-case by his colleagues on the *Guardian* and the *Evening Post*, on the occasion of his marriage. The presentation was made at a gathering of the literary staffs of the two papers by Mr. Ivens (editor of the *Guardian*), who paid a graceful tribute to Mr. Robinson's ability and personal integrity.

Mr. Ernest Head, who for fourteen years has been a member of the literary staff of the *Western Morning News*, has been appointed editor of the *Cornish Telegraph*, Penzance, and its evening edition the *Evening Tidings*. For the last eleven years Mr. Head has represented the *Western Morning News* in West Cornwall, and for two years has been the hon. secretary and treasurer of the Devon and Cornwall District of the Institute of Journalists. His successor is Mr. H. B. Geeson, of Penzance.

The Council of the Institute of Journalists held its annual meeting at Sheffield on May 13th. The Lord Mayor granted the use of the new Town Hall for the meetings, and formally welcomed the members to the city, afterwards entertaining them at luncheon in the dining hall. The Lord Mayor presided, the vice-chairs being occupied by Mr. R. H. Dunbar, chairman of the Sheffield District, Mr. C. Clifford, and Mr. Joseph Cooke. At the annual dinner, Mr. R. H. Dunbar, chairman of the District, presided, supported by Sir Wemyss Reid, the president of the Institute, Mr. Gilbert á Beckett (*Punch*), Col. Bingham, Commander Scott, Dr. Porter, Mr. Joseph Watson (London), Mr. H. Fox-Bourne, and others.

Mr. W. N. Platt, on leaving the reporting staff of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* to take up the position of assistant-editor of the *Yorkshire Herald*, York, was presented by the *Telegraph* staff with a very handsome dressing-bag, bearing a suitable inscription. The presentation, which took place at the King's Head Hotel, was made by Mr. R. H. Dunbar.

Mr. William Batley, *Sheffield and Rotherham Independent*, has accepted an appointment on the reporting staff of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, in the re-arrangement rendered necessary by the removal of Mr. Platt.

The presidency of the Institute of Journalists for 1899-1900 will be offered to Sir James Henderson, proprietor of the *Belfast News Letter*. If Sir James accepts, as there is every reason to believe he will, the election will be duly ratified by the annual Conference at Liverpool in August next.

Mr. William Adams Chater, M.A., F.J.I., for several years a member of the sub-editorial staff of the *Daily Graphic*, has accepted a position as European news editor of the *New York Herald*. He left London for New York on the 11th May to take up his new post.

Mr. H. W. Strong, of the *Daily Argus*, Birmingham, has accepted the editorship of the *Oxford Chronicle*.

Mr. Edgar W. Record is about to leave the *Daily Argus*, Birmingham, having received an appointment on the reporting staff of the *Sheffield Independent*.

A pleasant gathering took place at Reading last month, when the members of the staff of the *Reading Observer*, together with a few friends, were entertained to dinner by the proprietor of the journal, Mr. C. Slaughter. The event was promoted with the object of signalising the close of the very successful season enjoyed by the *Football Observer*.

Two forthcoming events are now interesting many of the men in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons—the Chess Tournaments and the Gallery Outing. The former will last about six weeks; and the latter rather more than six hours. There are many enthusiastic chess players in the Gallery; and those who will write the descriptive reports daily and nightly of the international tournaments must have more than a mere elementary knowledge of the game.

Mr. James Creelman, the brilliant journalist who was heard of so often during the Spanish-American war, will soon be in London again. He acted as one of the war correspondents for his paper, the *New York Journal*, during the fight, and was wounded somewhat severely in one of his shoulders. The *New York Journal* has been represented in London by some of the most brilliant of American press men—including the man who is known as the George Augustus Sala of America, Mr. Julian Ralph. Mr. S. M. Williams is at present representing the paper, having arrived from New York a few weeks ago.

Mr. Harold Lawton, one of the sub-editors of the *Hull Daily Mail*, is leaving Hull to take up an appointment in the North.

WALES.

The annual meeting of the South Wales District of the Institute of Journalists was held at Aberdare. Mr. W. Davies, acting editor of the *Western Mail*, was unanimously elected chairman of the district for the ensuing year, together with Messrs. J. Smurthwaite (Cardiff), D. Davies (Swansea), H. W. Southey, J.P. (Merthyr), and P. W. Raffan (Abertillery), vice-chairmen; and a committee, consisting of Messrs. J. A. Hopkins and G. Hughes (Cardiff), W. H. Hatcher (Swansea), J. Thomas (Merthyr), and E. Williams (Newport). Mr. E. Parker was re-elected hon. secretary and treasurer, and Mr. Geo. Padfield delegate to the forthcoming conference. A sum of five guineas was voted to the orphan fund. An interesting paper on "The Welsh Press" was read by Mr. D. M. Richards of Aberdare; and afterwards the members drove to Pontneath Vaughan

to view the famous waterfalls. On their return the annual dinner was held, under the presidency of Mr. J. M. Evans, of Aberdare, who was supported by several influential residents of the town.

Journalists throughout South Wales and elsewhere will extend sincere sympathy to Mr. Edward Parker, secretary to the South Wales Branch of the Institute of Journalists, on the death of his son. Mr. Charles Harold Parker was not yet twenty-one years of age, but had already suffered for some years from an affection of the heart.

IRELAND.

Mr. J. S. Murphy, late hon. secretary of the Ulster District of the Institute of Journalists, who went to Las Palmas, Grand Canary, in December in ill-health, has returned to Belfast, much improved by his sojourn abroad. Mr. Murphy has gone to the country for two months, at the expiration of which time he hopes to resume his professional duties on the reporting staff of the *Northern Whig*.

Further changes have taken place in the staff of the *Irish Daily Independent*. It is now stated that none of the original staff of the paper remain in the employment of the company. Mr. Wm. Stewart has succeeded Mr. O'Brien as chief reporter, and Mr. O'Dwyer, of the reporting staff, has been transferred to the sub-editorial department.

NEW BOOKS.

WILLIAM MORRIS.*

BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

Mr. Mackail's "Life of William Morris" is a charming book, and one that should commend itself to all the admirers of a man exceptional in the infinite variety of his powers. To the friends of William Morris the book is invaluable as presenting a record, truthful and sympathetic, of a remarkable life.

The early part of "the Life" is delightful in its loving sincerity and unshrinking truthfulness. The "boy," we are told, "was good-natured and kind, but with a fearful temper"—"fond of mooning, and talking to himself, and considered to be a little mad by the other boys"; not a commonplace boy indeed, likely to get on at school, but most affectionate in nature, as shown in many of his home letters, and full even then of unusual interests.

Born under comfortable, even affluent conditions, his home placed in one of the then wildest and most picturesque bits of country near London, Morris revealed, we are told, in early years an eager love for reading and for architectural beauty. Having been taken to Canterbury Cathedral and to the church of Minster in Thanet when only eight years old—fifty years later, never having seen the church in the interval, he described it in some detail from that recollection. At school in spare time, of which in those days there seems to have been plenty, he read with avidity works on archæology and ecclesiastical architecture, and left Marlborough, as he himself said, "a good archæologist, and knowing most of what there was to be known about English Gothic."

Mr. Mackail, with life-like touch, only to be gained by intimate acquaintance with Morris's family and friends, and with the help of many interesting letters, shows the development of the eager boy into the earnest youth, going up to Oxford, his mind from natural inclination, and family influence, ripe to receive the mediæval impressions of that "vision of grey-roofed houses, a long winding street, and the sound of many bells."

Within a week of his entering Exeter College, he made a friend who was to be his until death, Edward Burne-Jones, then a freshman without distinction of any kind excepting for his schoolboy drawings of "Devils." *He* writes thus of William Morris: "From the first I knew how different he was from all the men I had ever met," and again he writes, "of painting we knew nothing."

It is strange to read that in these early days both Morris and Burne-Jones entered Oxford with the distinct intention of taking Holy Orders, Morris inclining to the High Church movement, even to the extreme monastic idea. But friends, artistic, intellectual, literary, mostly bent upon leading the "higher life," social or religious, gathered quickly and closely around, and Mr. Mackail with ever-growing interest tells how "the brotherhood had grown into a close union of minds and hearts, an intimate fellowship in all projects, ideas, and enthusiasms." Gradually a scheme for banding together with the express purpose of reforming the degraded Arts and Crafts of the time, and benefiting the then oppressed and neglected working classes, took the place of the purely religious idea in William Morris's vigorous mind. Mr. Mackail gives a letter written by Morris to his mother, explaining his views in words of simple earnestness not to be surpassed. We would for its beauty's sake quote it here, but have only space for a few telling lines from it. "I will by no means give up things I have thought of *for the bettering of the world* in so far as lies in me."

A lovely portrait is given of Mrs. William Morris when a girl, from a drawing by D. G. Rossetti. One cannot wonder that many painters found their model in the new and grand revelation of beauty there depicted. The writer remembers well the vivid and lasting impression that the first sight of that grave and queenly presence made upon a country mind, previously educated up to the lines of beauty according to John Leech's plump and comely girls, fenced in as they were with the inevitable "crinoline" of the day, a striking contrast indeed.

The telling of the building and furnishing of Morris's Red House (perhaps the first *red* house of the century, long suffering in stucco and plaster), gives us a picture of life, surely perfect in its worship of work, for work's sake, in its warm and generous friendship, hatred of shams, and innocent, almost childlike love for the beauty and joy of existence.

There is a warm glow in Mr. Mackail's description of the "garden with its long grass walks, its wattled rose trellises, enclosing richly flowered square garden plots, unique as the house it surrounded," the group of great men, still children in their keen sense of fun, already sages in their wide grasp of what was needed, and what they meant to do.

"Oh! the joy of those Saturdays to Mondays at Red House .... we laughed because we were happy," writes a frequent guest; and in truth Morris was the very perfection of host; kind all round, to great and small equally genial and warm-hearted, never condescending in manner, always first to be proud of and delighted at the successes of his friends, modest in his estimate of his own powers.

The writer, often a visitor at Red House, recalls how, after scribbling away at his poetry ("very easy to write," as he declared earlier), he would break suddenly from his work, ask for listeners, read what he had penned in a level, sonorous tone, and seem genuinely glad to receive the applause and criticism of his hearers.

It was a touching sight to see him with his grand head and splendid hair lying on the rug in front of the wide open fireplace, and playing with and caressing his two lovely little girls in the gentlest way, though quickly wincing and changing to vexation if any difficulties arose. But warmth, kindness, earnestness, guilelessness, even irritability, seemed necessary parts of that nature so powerful and energetic, filled with mighty imaginings, yet ever ready to be easy and playful.

Wild pranks were often played by the friends who surrounded the genial man, in that heyday of youth and gladness, when the age of thirty years was rather regarded as senility, and life, after that date, scarcely a state to be desired.

Once Morris, returned home in a brand-new hat, which being espied a cry arose, "Topsy has bought a new hat, let's shy stones at it." No sooner said than done, and the hat was speedily riddled by pebbles, Morris himself in no wise discomfited, but joining merrily in the destruction of his new purchase.

One day, when the present writer was dining at Morris's table, he (who, when journeying abroad, proved himself an admirable cook), found reason to be dissatisfied with the repast. Rising suddenly with carving knife in hand, he rushed from the room exclaiming, "I'll kill that cook!" Consternation was, however, speedily dispelled by his return after a few moments pleasantly smiling and the cook still alive!

We would, but cannot linger over the telling of these ideal years. Illness and other pressing cares came in, and the well-beloved "Red House" was perforce resigned for a home in town. William Morris never saw the house again, "confessing that the sight of it would be more than he could bear."

Mr. Mackail leads the reader cleverly through the eventful

* "The Life of Wiliam Morris." By J. W. Mackail. 2 vols. 32s. (Longmans)

years during which Morris abundantly proved himself at once shopkeeper, employer, workman, poet, designer, printer, publisher. As we read we wonder at the universal power of the man, and can but echo the pathetic words of a close relative who "could not think how the world could get on when he was no longer in it." In deed, and in truth, to the very letter, he carried out his boyish vow to devote his life to "the bettering of the world."

The major portion of the second volume of this admirable book is devoted to a wise, temperate, and sympathetic review of the history and development of the Socialistic movement on which Morris expended so much time and money.

Always in earnest in all that he did, he, as poet, artist, and craftsman was an expert, a master, but in Socialism and Economics we can but regard him as an amateur. His ideas were Utopian and impracticable; but his brain was clear, and he saw the weaknesses and difficulties that beset his path.

Of all his coadjutors Charles Faulkner was perhaps the most faithful, zealous, and helpful. Faulkner was at times almost truculent and apt to threaten those who could not agree in his opinions with a bloody revolution at no very distant date. Morris, especially after the Trafalgar Square episode, was fully convinced that no beneficent social revolution could be effected by a struggle in the streets with its tumult and outrage.

A perusal of this excellent biography calls our attention to two anomalies in the scheme of life of William Morris. It is a little difficult to reconcile his positions as capitalist and workman. There is in the book a careful statement of a proposition that Morris and his family should be content to live on a yearly income of £200 as the result of a business of a capitalised value of £15,000. The modest moderation of such a proposal is almost touching.

But the Merton manufactory was entirely devoted to the production of beautiful, elaborate, and costly work, for which purchasers could only be found in the wealthy middle-class that he proposed to abolish. Is it too much to say that had his ideas in Socialism been carried out it would have been impossible to find a market for the admirable products of his workmen's hands? Herein lies another anomaly.

It is by these products that Morris will live in our recollection His Socialistic platform utterances will count as nothing in comparison. The movement has not produced, nor will it probably produce, any appreciable result, but William Morris in his art and craft, in his poems, his colours, his weaving and tapestry, his tile-painting and wall-papers, and lastly in his printing, has left to us and to our descendants a legacy through which his name will always be remembered with honour in that he redeemed the shame of ugliness of the early Victorian era, and set up a standard of excellence both in design and workmanship that must always remain as an instructive and abiding example to future effort.

We cannot close this notice without words of praise for Mr. New's admirable illustrations. The highest encomium that can be passed upon them is that we feel sure that they would have met with the approval of William Morris himself.

THE LITERARY HISTORY OF THE GAEL.*

It is, I take it, difficult for all sympathetic natures to read of the literature of certain countries without a sorrowful sense of the futility of the beautiful things of the mind and the spirit when weighed against the tyranny of selfish and ignoble desires, the dominion of the evil forces of the world. There is a cry through the literature of Poland that goes to the heart; there is a melancholy in that of the great Magyar race which gives to the whole the colour and sound of an unappeasable sorrow; there is in that of Ireland tears behind all laughter, passion behind all regret, a ceaseless lament, cry, summons. The Magyar poet Petoefi has, in "Idolatry," said what all the children of defeated nations say—

"I carry in my heart a love greater and deeper than any it could ever know from its own desires. Holy this love, which cannot deign to any earthly form, but must live ever a sacred flame in the spirit. Yes, it is a divine and beautiful woman I love, an exiled goddess, my goddess, my queen, Liberty! O sorrow of my heart that my eyes cannot see her but in dreams of the night. Night after night I behold her thus, radiant through the passion of my dream. I have met her, thus, in a country of flowers, the Land of Heart's Desire. And on the day that I meet her here, where flowers also grow, and pluck one to give to her, that day the shadow of the tyrant will fall upon me, the sword shall sever my head and let it fall into my hands—and that, that only, shall I have to offer to Liberty, instead of my gathered flower of hope."

And, too, cry all these children of defeated nations, in the words of Salaï: "Enough of dream; enough of resignation; come, Storm! come, passion of Strife!"

And this note, these notes, cry or resound through the pages of Dr. Hyde's admirable and moving history; and perhaps with the more effect, the more inevitably and insistently, because they are not obtruded, because in a sense they are not even brought to the surface. He is a scholar, writing a scholarly history; a shenachie, telling of the seanachas of old; a poet, telling of poets; a patriot, telling of patriots; an enthusiast, speaking the tongue of enthusiasm; but below his individual voice is the voice of a whole literature, the voice of a broken people, the cry of a stifled but unconquered race.

From the first singers of the remote kings to those harpers who in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in their homeless poverty united the once distinct vocations of bard and musician, there is a wonderful continuity in the Song of Erin.

DR. DOUGLAS HYDE.
From Photo by Werner & Son, Dublin.

It is a song that is sweet to hear, from the first wild barbaric notes till the blind Carolan, carrying on the most ancient of Celtic traditionary oaths, vows solemnly *dar solas na greine*, "by the light of the sun." No wonder that Dr. Hyde writes, *apropos* of the beautiful "Voyage of Bran" (though we read it in the larger sense), "I know of few things in literature comparable to this lovely (song), at once so mystic and so sensuous. It breathes the very essence of Celtic glamour, and is shot through and through with the Celtic love of form, beauty, nature." But I must give Dr. Hyde's words in full, concerning the Celtic Elysium as outlined in that ancient poem, which recently has so stirred the imagination of some at least of our scholars and poets and romancists, of some dreamers of the old beautiful dreams of our race. It is shot through, he says, with the Celtic love of form, beauty, nature, and also of "company" and the society of woman. "How exquisite the idea of being transported from this world to an isle around which sea-horses glisten, where from trees covered with blossoms the birds call in harmony to the Hours, a land whose haze is incomparable! What a touch! Where hair of crystal drops from the mane of the wave as it washes against the land—

> The sea washes the wave against the land,
> Hair of crystal drops from its mane——

where the chariots of silver and of bronze assemble on the plain of sports, in the country against which laughter peals, and the day of lasting weather showers silver on the land, with 'men and gentle women, without sin, without crime.' I verily believe there is no gael alive even now who would not in his heart of hearts let drift by him the Elysiums of Virgil, Dante, and Milton, to grasp at the Moy Mell of the unknown Irish pagan."

* "The Literary History of Ireland. From the Earliest Times to the Present Day." By Douglas Hyde, LL.D., M.R.I.A. 16s. (Fisher Unwin.)

In one of his scholarly and suggestive essays the late M. Darmsteter wrote, *apropos* of the place taken by Ireland in the history of civilisation and as the foremost guardian of the Celtic tradition, that she has preserved in the infinite wealth of her literature a complete and faithful picture of the ancient civilisation of the Celts, and that Irish literature, therefore, is the key which opens the Celtic world. The statement is authentic, but demands amplification; and this Dr. Douglas Hyde gives (p. 253)—"But the Celtic world means a large portion of Europe, and the key to unlock the door of its past history is in the Irish manuscripts of saga and poem."

Here, broadly, is the justification of this *magnum opus* of Dr. Douglas Hyde, a volume of six hundred and fifty pages; authentic, comprehensive, so long desiderated, and, in its relation, at once eloquent, informing, and convincing. Here, in fulness of detail and with charm of style, is unfolded the tale of the Gaelic race and genius, from its splendid and romantic heroic period, through its sad but beautiful decay, to its affecting rebirth. The author has much else to say, much to urge, much to convince with eloquence and knowledge; but it is his *idée-mère* to interpret the greater world of the Celt (not the less great because the once far frontiers have narrowed and are all but lost), to unlock or lead anew and further through the doors of its past history, and to bring the miracle of fire to that which in the common and ill-informed regard has long been lifeless or effete.

The old idea that Ireland was a country of uncivilised and barbaric tribes, until England (along with the sword and the gibbet and the gaol, along with exile and every conceivable minister of oppression) sent her wisdom and civilisation, no longer holds. In the board schools, children are taught nothing of the early history of our common race, little even of the early history of the English nation itself. What English child knows anything of Nial of the Nine Hostages, or that the Irish armies once occupied London . . . or, what is far more important, of Columbanus and the great Celtic torchbearers of religion, culture, refinement, art, letters, at a time when England and Europe were at their lowest? Columbanus lived at the time of Gregory of Tours, and neither that notable man nor any of his continental compeers equalled the Irish cleric and scholar and, on so great a scale, schoolmaster, of whose "marvellous superiority" M. d'Arbois de Jubainville, the greatest of French celticists, writes enthusiastically. "All the studies of the time," says Dr. Hyde, "appear to have been taught through the medium of the Irish language, not merely theology, but arithmetic, rhetoric, poetry, hagiography, natural science as then understood, grammar, chronology, astronomy, Greek, and even Hebrew"—and this, it must be remembered, when all knowledge of Greek had practically died away from the Continent ("absolutely vanished," wrote that distinguished scholar, M. Darmsteter), and when even Pope Gregory the Great was completely ignorant of it. In the seventh century so great was the fame of Ireland as the sanctuary of what would now be called light and leading, and used to be called the humanities and the higher knowledge, that a French king (Dagobert II.) was sent to Slane to be inculcated in wisdom, and is said to have remained in Ireland for eighteen or twenty years, "in order to acquire all the wisdom of the Isle of Saints." The Venerable Bede tells us of the crowds of Anglo-Saxons who flocked to Ireland early in the latter part of the seventh century, when also Aldfrid, King of Northumbria, like his French compeer Dagobert, went to the island-kingdom to learn the arts and sciences—to be afterwards congratulated by that scholarly courtier, Aldhelm, Abbot of Malmesbury, "on his good fortune in having been taught in Ireland" . . . the same Aldhelm who elsewhere complained that the great English school at Canterbury suffered because that "the English swarmed to the Irish schools like bees." In the eighth and ninth centuries knowledge too was strangely prescient, judging from its slow growth and acceptation elsewhere. We now know that Irish monks discovered Iceland before the Danes; that Irish missionaries reached the Red Sea by a canal from the Nile (long disbelieved, but now known as the canal which was closed *circa* 767) when Nilus' name was all but fabulous in England; that a famous Irish geometrician, Fergil or Virgilius, Archbishop of Salzburg, taught the sphericity of the earth and the doctrine of the antipodes—for which, of course, the Archbishop was arraigned by jealous prelates, but appears to have satisfied the Pope that two and two making four did not subvert heaven and the teachings of God.

That Æschylean tragedy, among the ancient and modern dramas of nations, called "Ireland," may be divided into three "acts" after its mythological and heroic Prelude: the Scourge of the Danes, to their overthrow at the Battle of Clontarf; the Anglo-Norman Invasion till the Curse of Cromwell; from then till the perhaps unparalleled horror of the Great Famine, early in the present century, and till—well, Dr. Hyde hopes that the Irish genius may again "burst forth into life and vigour, and once more give that expression which in English seems impossible, to the best thoughts and aspirations of the Gaelic race."

But alas, not all the Gaelic leagues in the world will stem the devitalising and denationalising flood of English supremacy. For good or evil, the Celtic peoples, as a race, are doomed. They are wisest who will not attempt to beat back the drowning billows with artillery of foam and spray. They are wisest who will dream, think, act towards the conservation of Celtic ideals, traditions, characteristics; and in life, in mind, in spirit, so inform the victorious mass, that in time the world may behold a sovereign nation, Scandinavian in body, Anglo-Saxon in mind, Celtic in spirit and all the ideals of the imagination.

FIONA MACLEOD.

THE AGE OF WYCLIFFE.*

Mr. Trevelyan can hardly be said to have inherited his literary and historical talents, because bachelor great-uncles transmit their fortunes, but not their genius. However, he has been brought up to revere Lord Macaulay as the family hero, and following in his footsteps, he displays, we are happy to think, more of his spirit than can be ascribed to loyal imitation. Of course two generations have made a difference. Mr. Trevelyan belongs to the new historical school, and arms himself at all points with records and State papers. He aims at impartiality, disclaims omniscience, and constantly suspends his judgment. So do we all nowadays. Macaulay seems to have thought himself called on to form, often hastily and superficially, some more or less definite opinion, good or bad, on every event and personage; his idea of historical writing is the artful presentation, insinuation and enforcement of these opinions under the form of a narration of facts. Nevertheless, Mr. Trevelyan, in spite of his modernity, reminds one pleasantly of the great man in several points, notably in his easy command of his materials, his quickness of perception and his marked superiority of style. Of his literary ability this work is ample proof, though in some respects it is a work of promise rather than of performance. What is most delightful is his unconscious Whiggery. He knows how to handle the latest democratic phrases, but his real point of view is that of the old *Edinburgh*. There is the same cool, business-like view of churches and religions, the same secret ideal of a constitutional government really run by trained professional politicians, the same exaggerated belief in the influence of political gospels on the people. These and other Whig tenets may seem a little out of date in these hysterical days, but they impress us all the more for that; and, right or wrong, they are a grand foundation for a new writer to build on. There is in the book so much solidity and soundness of opinion, so much skill in presentation of arguments, and such keen practical sense that we should be inclined to attribute it to an experienced old hand. The author owes much to his illustrious kinsman—and so does the reader.

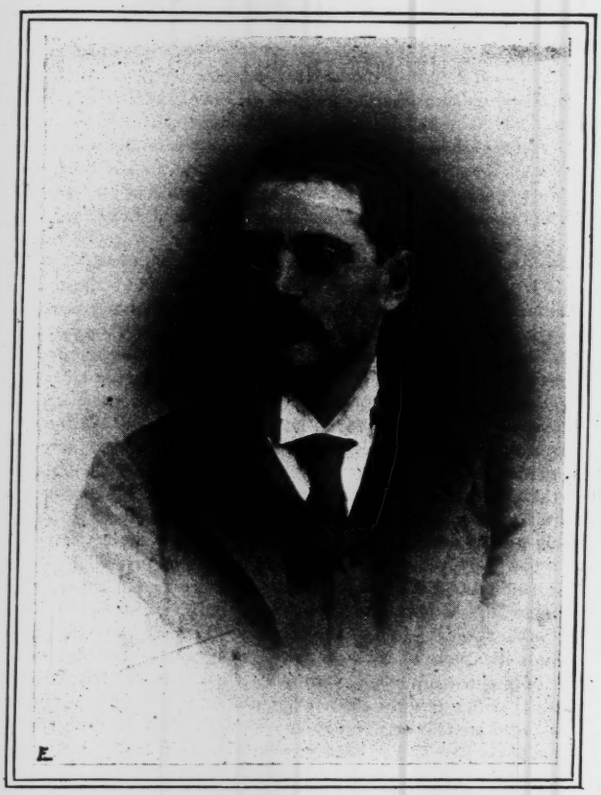
This in spite of certain imperfections which tell the other way. Originally composed as a Cambridge dissertation, the work is recast in a more popular form, the more abstruse and technical pages being omitted. This we regret for the author's sake and our own. The title, "England in the Age of Wycliffe," is also a little misleading. The book is really a minute, almost an exhaustive history of England for a period of about ten years, from 1376 to 1385, with of course a due amount of prologue and epilogue. With this is interwoven the life of Wycliffe and the rise of Lollardism. The subsequent history of the Lollards down to the Reformation he traces in a long additional chapter. Obviously this plan is far from satisfactory. No doubt 1385 marks a break in the political history, but rather between two acts in the same drama. We feel we want to know how it all ends. I fancy Mr. Trevelyan's investigations have not yet gone much farther, for certain of his casual references to the sequel strike me as open to revision. Unfortunately he has got into bad company: he has entered the House of Commons,

* "England in the Age of Wycliffe." By G. M. Trevelyan. 15s. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

where "ancient history" is a favourite byword, and Political Ignorance, expelled from the Board Schools, has taken refuge. I trust he will only attend now and then, just to study the Gaunts, and Latimers, and John Balls in the flesh, and spend most of his evenings in going on with his Richard II.

To be impartial, one should say at once that here and there certain weak points betray, as is natural, a want of maturity both of judgment and knowledge, and proclaim the brilliant beginner who otherwise might well pass for the old hand. But these are not worth dwelling on. As a whole the work is, so far as its plan allows, a solid contribution to knowledge, and a vivid and fascinating piece of literature.

It contains so much that one hardly knows what to comment on. Naturally one notices most the points where one dissents. Thus, there is no serious attempt to explain the mystery why Wycliffe was allowed to go on teaching and writing while his opinions were condemned and his disciples persecuted. No doubt we have here all that is known about him, but it does not fit together well. Wycliffe always seems a rather legendary



From Photo by [*London Stereoscopic Co.*

MR. G. W. TREVELYAN.

personage. Some of his so-called writings are undoubtedly spurious, and possibly a good deal of his story has been touched up by partisans and enemies. Anyhow we cannot grasp him at all, not even so well as his greater predecessor, Friar Bacon. Mr. Trevelyan's view seems to amount to this, that Wycliffe did not in any sense prepare the way for the Reformation. The scholastic arguments of the learned professor appealed only to educated people. Wycliffites among the poorer clergy were probably numerous, but they were soon forced to recant or be silent. Some lay families kept up his traditions for over a century, but they were very few. Lollardism, as is here well explained, was very different to Wycliffism. It was only a body of ignorant opinions, evolved by the peasant preachers and their flocks—a jumble of Scripture texts, Socialism, and probably local superstitions. These movements always die down in a country where there is an aristocracy and a dominant Church to keep up a permanent standard, though they frequently revive under new forms. The wicked Tudors proved wiser Reformers than either Wycliffe or the Lollards.

I should much like to see how the author would develop the character and fortunes of Richard II. At present I hardly grasp his standpoint. He never alludes to drink as an explanation of the King's vagaries. I remember that Bishop Stubbs laid stress on that many years ago, but possibly later research has corrected the view. Surely the scene at Queen Anne's funeral, among many more instances, is most suspicious. The charge was openly brought against Richard, and poor Bishop Merks, on the evidence of a red nose, was condemned for sitting up getting drunk with the idle King. If Richard was from his youth addicted to occasional drunkenness, he is, curiously enough, the only one of our sovereigns whose reputation and efficiency was impaired by this vice.

Of the Peasants' Rising we have a brilliant and well-considered account, exploding the Wat Tyler legend, and most of the hackneyed "causes" of the movement. Here, too, I would venture to suggest that what we call the "wretched villeins" and "downtrodden serfs" were virtually small landowners. Nearly all practised the strictest primogeniture. The eldest son succeeded. Of the younger, as population revived after the Black Death, some flocked as now to the towns, to find their ambitions hampered by the jealousy of the exclusive guilds. Some found regular work; many lived precariously on odd jobs and the public charities. Of those who remained in the country, many no doubt worked on the new wage system for lords and farmers, but very many became loafers, semi-paupers and poachers. Thus a distinct "dangerous class" grew up in country and in town. The former may have begun the rising, but the latter at once co-operated. It is curious that Mr. Trevelyan does not deal with this influence of primogeniture. The case seems to illustrate two social truths. Peasant ownership with strict primogeniture, *e.g.*, our villenage, is a solid, conservative element in a State, so long as families are small. Equally so when the population is rapidly increasing, provided there be ample outlet in the world (army, navy, trades, colonies, etc.) for the younger children. The peasant farm is a splendid nursery to supply healthy citizens for the waste of town life. The future of England depends *entirely* upon this supply. Yet no one seems to see that this is the true agricultural problem.

This excellent book is so full of suggestion, one hardly knows where to stop. To my mind, its most signal feature is the insight of the author into the secret of national life. Whether he embroiders, touches up, and adds aught, I am not learned enough to say. I think not. But certainly he paints for us a society of men which we at once recognise as living and natural, and not a literary creation. He shows us the fourteenth century, so strangely far off and yet so familiarly near. For he understands that, then as now, most Englishmen took only a formal interest in the religious and political fabrics which give such apparent diversity to the ages. In their ways of thought, their affections, their interests, their self-governing and business principles, they have changed very little. But he would not see this had he not been born a shrewd Whig.

Y. Y.

MR. WELLS' NEW NOVEL.*

And so after strange delays, and through an avenue of doubt and battle, this man from the nineteenth century came at last to his position at the head of that complex world. . . . He was owner of half the world, Master of the Earth. This new great age was in the completest sense his.

He fell to sleep a fanatical democrat—a socialist: he woke a tyrant; he died fighting with the people against the tyranny he had unconsciously fashioned while he slept. Surely a theme of magnificent possibilities—a theme more fertile in romance even than the central idea of "The War of the Worlds." The discovery of such material is in itself no mean triumph.

For the reader who delights in a good story the book has one great weakness—it is too descriptive. There are all the elements of a most exciting novel, and up to a certain point "When the Sleeper Wakes" is the romance of a master hand. The picture of a kind of French Revolution under the conditions of a new century is altogether fascinating. The history of the Council and of the "boss" of the Council who ruled the world in the name of the Sleeper and was overthrown by him on his awakening, is a masterpiece of imaginative genius. But the elaborate catalogue of the intricacies of the new London, the detailed descriptions of all the complex paraphernalia of this new life, its exaggerated richness and poverty, the terror of its machine-made conditions, its social rottenness—to our mind these interfere with the story, which must be the main interest in any book from the pen of Mr. Wells.

* "When the Sleeper Wakes." By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Harper.)

It is only because they detract from the interest of the plot that we object to all these pictures of new century existence. In themselves they are more remarkable, because more conclusively possible, than any of the forecasts of the future offered by Mr. Bellamy or—M. Jules Verne. We can imagine that an engineer or an architect would find in Mr. Wells' book a fund of useful suggestion, that "When the Sleeper Wakes" will become a handbook for inventors of the Edison School. Still we are sure that Mr. Wells has been mistaken in making his story subservient to his forecast. We are sure—because we were greatly tempted to skip much of the forecast for the sake of the story. J. E. H. W.

CHINA.*

There is something characteristically sailor-like in the neatness and precision with which Lord Charles Beresford has arranged his material and the exactitude with which he keeps to the subject in hand. As a result the book is extremely easy to read and perfectly convenient for reference. Each town he visited has a chapter to itself, with a heading giving population and any other necessary statistics. The various industries are dealt with in sub-sections, and addresses and memorials on trade subjects are given in full. Railways, waterways, and all other items of commercial importance are separately and fully dealt with. There is not a word too much, and yet nothing is overlooked. It is a very type of the fair and honest account rendered by the faithful steward. To discuss the book would be to enter upon politics, and for that, we thankfully remember, our space will not allow. But Lord Charles Beresford has found certain opinions general in China, and those whose business or pleasure it is to deal with such things will find them worth noting. The British merchants consider that the "Open Door" principle is essential to the interest of the British trade. China is at present absolutely helpless, a prey to the competitive rapacity of European powers. As Britain has sixty-four per cent. of the Chinese trade, China looks to her for help, considering that it is in the interest of Britain to prevent the disintegration of China. But the opinion is universal that Britain is afraid of Russia, and our recent Eastern policy has confirmed this idea. At present Russia is the dominant power, and Manchuria is regarded as practically in Russia's hands. It is important to have reliable first hand information on these and other points, and to have an opportunity of learning authoritatively how the Eastern Question is regarded in the East. Lord Charles Beresford has done his part admirably. It rests with the executive Government to act upon his information.

In Mrs. Archibald Little's book we leave the deep things of international politics and come down to the kindly domestic level, where shopping, visiting, dressing, and tea-drinking are the all-important topics. She writes a pleasant, chatty book, and what is perhaps more rare, an accurate book, describing the details of Chinese life and manners. Some of her most interesting chapters deal with the position of women, with the gradual relaxation of the barbarous custom of foot binding, and with the increasing influence of the missionaries in bringing among the people more liberal ideas. China is not a hospitable country to Europeans, but of all the foreign residents, none seem to find themselves so homeless as the Italian sisters. To them life in China is nothing but a long, sad exile. Still, in some respects China is not so far behind us. In 1897 a ladies' public dinner was held to discuss ground plans for a new school for the higher education of Chinese girls. The school is now an accomplished fact, having been opened in Shanghai last year. Two others have since been opened, but have had to be put under British management to save them from the interference of the Empress Tze Hsi.

Mrs. Little has something to say about politics too, but the best of her book is in her descriptive chapters. She has seen a great deal of the country and of its people, and all that she says is worth careful attention.

MR. G. W. CABLE'S NEW BOOK.†

Among the "Strong Hearts" in this gem among books the strongest is that of a weakling. A man who cannot fight drink has a heart stout enough to fight the devil. At a first reading "The Solitary" was not our favourite among these stories. The man who deliberately betook himself to an uninhabited island and destroyed the boat that carried him thither, thus masterfully finding for himself an answer to the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation," did not lay hold of us just at first. The story is a strenuous one. Even Mr. Cable's exquisite crystalline style shows signs of the buffeting of strong cross-currents of emotion. The horror of the man's struggle, the awfulness of the strife in his own soul, the terror of the raging elements without are realised with painful intensity. At a first reading it was the painfulness that we felt most strongly; at the second, the power. The other two stories make a readier appeal; neither of them is better done.

"The Taxidermist" was another strong-hearted man, but his strength was in his tenderness Little things, gay-plumaged birds, and tiny children were what he loved and lived for. When he won a lottery prize and built himself a fine house, he would not stir a foot to save it from fire as long as the Children's Home was in danger. His friends cried to him to come. His answer was a look of anguish.

"Good God! my fran'. We come yondeh so quick we can! But—foudre tonnerre!—look that house here fill' with ba-bee'!"

And as for his own house—

"She's not mine! I trade her to God faw these one! Go! tell Him she's His, He kin burn her if He feel like!"

But, after all, "He got fing-er in that pie," and the "ba-bee'," burned out of their asylum, found a home and a father and mother waiting for them along the way.

"The Entomologist" is charming for the sake of the little German sempstress, Senda, with whom reader as well as author cannot but fall in love. It is marvellous how Mr. Cable has made an idyll of grace and delicacy and sweetness out of such ugly material as disloyal and wandering affections. Senda's is the strong heart here, strong in loving patience.

"If Rudolph don't be a scoundtrel and you don't be a fool, he vill pretty soon straight himself up and say, One man can't ever'sing have, and mine Senda she is enough!"

So said "ze aunt of my musser," and it proved to be sound sense, for Senda's husband came back to his allegiance. Still Mr. Cable shows himself a true artist, and wins our sincerest gratitude, by getting rid of the entomologist at last, and leaving Senda free to receive Monsieur Fontanette's question cabled across the ocean—"Ze vun qvestion to vich sare can be only—ze—vun—answeh."

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON'S NEW ESSAYS.*

Mr. Dobson's latest collection of essays is really a fourth series of his Eighteenth Century Vignettes. He has not nearly exhausted his knowledge of his special time, and this volume is as full of interest as any of the others. The biography and the bibliography in the papers on Goldsmith, Steele, and Gay, the topography in "Old Whitehall" and "The Grub Street of the Arts" are seriously treated; but none of the weight of the seriousness falls on us. Mr. Dobson shows a graceful result, and hides the immense labour which must have lain behind. There is a chorus of praise concerning his work in prose. It charms nearly every one; and yet it is not easy to say why. It has individuality which it is not easy to define. In the whole of it there is very little original criticism or comment. There are no portraits, though there are groups of other people's character sketches. There can hardly be said to be any pictures. At least Mr. Dobson makes none by intention. But the last century in its literary and social side takes more or less clear shape for us when we have read through this book or any of its predecessors. We are pleasantly tickled, no doubt, by the thought that at little cost we are being filled full of information, forgetting that we shall have forgotten most of it to-morrow. Perhaps we experience some of the feeling of royalty, who gets its reading done for it. At least there are hardly any other books consisting almost entirely of information which the average reader will allow to be attractive and charming. His papers have style, graceful, admirable style, and yet they are only pages from a note-book where he jots down the main points of his reading. The result is a triumph over what in almost every other hand is a dull and commonplace method. Never was anything seemingly so artless, so impersonal. Every sentence contains at least one fact. Every

* "The Break-Up of China." By Lord Charles Beresford. 12s. (Harpers.)
"Intimate China." By Mrs. Archibald Little. 21s. (Hutchinson.)

† "Strong Hearts." By G. W. Cable. 6s. (Hodder.)

* "A Paladin of Philanthropy, and other Papers." By Austin Dobson. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)

fact draws out ten others. But there is no crowding; it is an orderly procession with an end in view. You reach there, not overpowered and out of breath with the learning, but as after a gentle ride in the excellent company of one whose stories never give out. Mr. Dobson is the bookworm saved from pedantry by a miraculous grace. He is as one of the erudite and charming *abbés*, who were the delight of the salons of his favourite age. And at the end we find the personality we have missed in a writer who hardly ever asserts an opinion. His methods and effects are all cumulative. Some of the elegance and the fascination of the eighteenth century does at last take hold of us, reflected from the mind of this student who has read everything, looked at everything, dived, ferretted, dug in places the most obscure and unlikely for whatever will illustrate and illuminate an age in which his soul wanders with delight and dwells at ease. A. M.

MR. McCARTHY'S REMINISCENCES.*

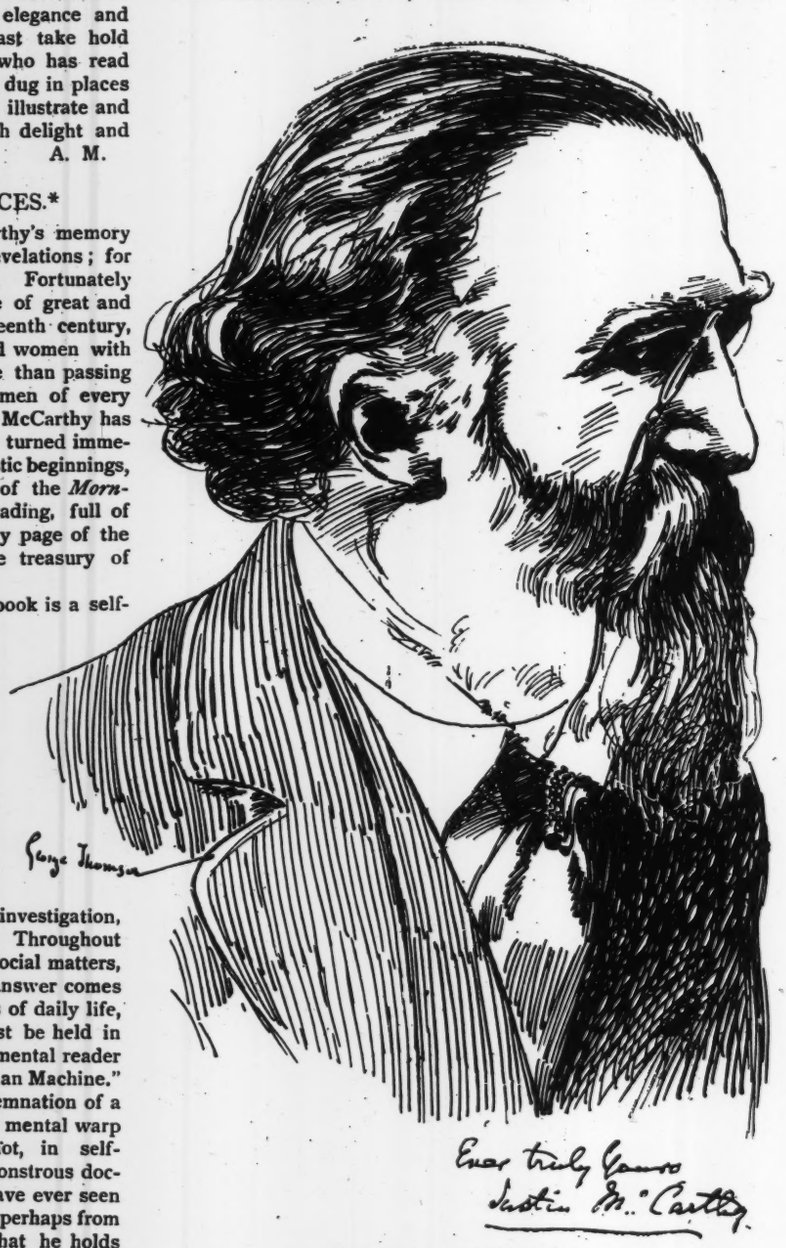
These gleanings from the table of Mr. McCarthy's memory will assuredly disappoint those who expected revelations; for such they are throughout too genial and kindly. Fortunately they appeal to a much wider class. They are of great and permanent interest to all students of the nineteenth century, for there have indeed been few notable men and women with whom the author cannot claim something more than passing acquaintance, and especially attractive to bookmen of every class, for throughout his long political career Mr. McCarthy has been first a man of letters. For our part, we turned immediately to the account of Mr. McCarthy's journalistic beginnings, of his connection with Bright, of the foundation of the *Morning Star*. These chapters are all delightful reading, full of historical and personal interest. But so is every page of the two handsome volumes, which form a veritable treasury of bright and charming memories.

Although not in name an autobiography, the book is a self-revelation. The author stands out from his reminiscences a delightful figure, shrewd and humorous, but above all else of enduring kindliness. Mr. McCarthy's Reminiscences are volumes to be added to the library.

THE HUMAN MACHINE.†

This is a book of a fearless thinker. Mr. Nisbet was a man deeply influenced by the scientific discoveries and tendencies of the age. As he was not a specialist in every department, he accepted much, doubtless, without independent investigation, but his inferences were nearly always his own. Throughout his book you will find he states his problems, in social matters, or politics, or religion, as many others do, but his answer comes out different. He applied his thought to questions of daily life, the ultimate test of sincerity; and for that he must be held in abhorrence by the majority of readers. The sentimental reader will be outraged on every third page of "The Human Machine." His characteristic attitude is summed up in a condemnation of a writer who, admitting crime to be the outcome of a mental warp or deficiency, added in alarm, "Society cannot, in self-defence, afford to recognise the truth." "What a monstrous doctrine!" says Mr. Nisbet. "I do not know that I have ever seen anything so utterly immoral in print." You expect perhaps from his indignation at such a common point of view that he holds truth will prevail in spite of all. He does hold this very doubtful position—but then he adds, "The world will go on very much as before." Here he exposes briefly what he has to give to the receptive reader—fearlessness, a partial, though an unusual, freedom from preconceived opinions, and a vision of life in which temperament and fatigue as well as knowledge may have helped slightly to depress the scale of hope. He takes his stand as a materialist, but nowadays that is a vague term. It permits and even urges him to be morally very fastidious, and does not forbid a hearty reverence for the religious instinct and for some religious practices. To the vulgar he will be a pessimist, because he holds that our little systems and politics must ere long cease to be, with the decay of our earth, and that human nature is pretty much the same through the ages, and that the popular idea of progress is nonsense. But no thinking man will call by the name of pessimism an attitude that demands constant effort, that holds goodness, sacrifice, and humanity to be involved in the very idea of continued tolerable existence.

There are passages in the book that invite serious criticism. His open-mindedness, his constant search of truth, his lack of the sentimentalist's soft, comfortable cushion and sleeping



MR. JUSTIN McCARTHY, M.P.
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draughts, fatigued him. Fatigue had the effect on him it has on many eager thinkers. It rendered him partial in the end to some Philistine views. In the work of his fellow-seekers he discovered so much that was flimsy, tawdry, hasty, jerry-built, that when he could not find firm ground to build on, or a design likely to last, he was tempted to go back resolutely, but not at all convincingly, to old fields and old systems that, most assuredly, in a fresher mood he would have found but a sorry dwelling-place and poor comfort. Certainly his scientific study has not in the least influenced a few native instincts, which different readers will describe as conservative, virile, or Philistine. He is not all of a piece. His own "human machine" was infinitely complex, and he never quite discovered or regulated its workings. His slight inconsistencies have their deep interest, and are, besides, illustrative of his subject. They will also perhaps have the effect of widening the

* "Reminiscences." By Justin McCarthy, M.P. 2 vols. 24s. (Chatto and Windus.)

† "The Human Machine. An Inquiry into the Diversity of Human Faculty in its Bearings upon Social Life, Religion, Education, and Politics.' By J. F. Nisbet. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

audience of a book greatly suggestive and magnificently truthful, a book which treats without system, but also without superficiality, of a vast number of questions—democracy, genius, education, apparitions, miracles, the ethics of sport, sexual morality, and the value and the meaning of civilisation, to name but a few of them.

TRANSLATOR AND POET.*

M. Verhaeren is unusually lucky in his translators. He is not of the order that win popularity easily either at home or abroad. And an indifferent English rendering might have left him still undiscovered to English readers. Mr. Symons and Miss Alma Strettell are both poets, and their versions are not mere blurred shadows of a poetic original, but are themselves poetry. In translating the Belgian writer's drama "Les Aubes," Mr. Symons was attempting the impossible. He nearly performed it. To certain passages he even added force. Miss Strettell has set herself a more compassable task, but her performance is so admirable and the selection she has made is so representative of the best, that we say to those who do not wish to tackle the poet's eleven little volumes that here they will find Verhaeren.

When a translator has produced poetry he has done so rare a thing that he may claim exemption from any finnicking judgment as to faithfulness of detail. But this version can bear very close examination. It is Verhaeren that is reproduced. The interpreter has kept a firm hold over her own thoughts and images, lest they should stray into the work. Now and again a comparison with the French, sets one wondering over a discrepancy. When I find "l'âpre silence" rendered "polar silence," and "chemins dolents" as "surrounding roads," and "soirs noirs" as "black fields," it seems to point to varying versions of the original. Of course, no metrical translation is ever quite simple enough. The exigencies of metre occasionally demand a little repetition or enlargement. Miss Strettell's *vers libres* might with advantage have a little more liberty. "Vers l'horizon hallucinè" becomes "towards the dream-like horizons that bound the night;" "au pli des mares," "at the curves and corners of the mere." "Mort" becomes "sad death," and so on. But beyond a wonderfully small number of redundancies, there is hardly a fault in accuracy to note. Let a stanza from "The Rope-Maker" be proof how close and how beautiful is her rendering—

Avec ses pauvres doigts qui sont prestes encor,	With his poor tired fingers, nimble still,
Ayant crainte parfois de casser le peu d'or	Fearing to break for want of skill
Que mêle à son travail la glissante lumière,	The fragments of gold that the gliding light
Au long des clos et des maisons,	Threads through h's toil so scantily—
Le blanc cordier visionnaire,	Passing the walls and the houses by,
Du fond du soir tourbillonaire,	The rope-maker, visionary white,
Attire à lui les horizons.	From depths of the evening's whirlpool dim,
	Draws the horizons in to him.

And what of the poet she has translated? He is difficult, not so much from obscurity of phrase or style as because he demands a high measure of poetic sensitiveness from his readers. There is no particular moral or startling method in his work to argue about. He is not easy to quote from aptly. You carry nothing very obvious away as proofs you have been with his books. But he has a dominating influence over certain temperaments. He can make some look on the world with new eyes. He has a marvellous accuracy of physical vision, and memory of the same. It is not for nothing he is a Fleming. He has the accurate eye of his race, the painter's eye. That he has possessed from the first, but in his later poems, and from these alone, has Miss Strettell culled her choice. He uses his gift of external vision, not for its own sake, but for its symbolic force. The fishermen, ferrymen, bell-ringers of his "Villages Illusoires" are unmistakably fishermen, ferrymen, bell-ringers. The drawing is strong and clear. But they are more. They are shadows of destiny, types of the everlasting search, weavers of human fate. He does not write a story and affix a moral. Story and symbol are one and simultaneous. In the main his is a sad muse. His plaint is delicate; it is largely impersonal. It is an echo of a hard and a troublous world. His heart is "nocturnal." But his heart leaps within him at times with the joy of morning. And it does greatly in his magnificent "St. George." In Miss Strettell's version you do not lose the clear ring of it.

> Opening the mists on a sudden through
> An Avenue!
> Then, all one ferment of varied gold,
> With foam of plumes where the chamfrom bends
> Round his horse's head, that no bit doth hold,
> St. George descends
> . . . . .
> Ring, all my voices of hope, ring on!
> Ring forth in me
> Beneath fresh boughs of greenery,
> Down radiant pathways, full of sun;
> Ye glints of silvery mica, be
> Bright joy amid my stones—and ye
> White pebbles that the waters strew,
> Open your eyes in my brooklets, through
> The watery lids that cover you;
> Landscape of gushing springs and sun,
> With gold that quivers on misty blue,
> Landscape that dwells in me, hold thou
> The mirror now
> To the fiery flights, that flaming roll,
> Of the great St. George toward my soul!

A. M.

* "Poems of Emile Verhaeren." Selected and Rendered into English by Alma Strettell. 5s. net. (Lane.)

From Photo by [*Window & Grove.*

MRS. HARRISON ("ALMA STRETTELL").

LONGINUS ON THE SUBLIME.*

This book deserves a place in every classical library, both on account of the merits of the author and the excellence of the editing. It contains an Introduction dealing (1) with the "Authorship" and (2) with the "Contents and Character" of the work. This is followed by an admirable text with an equally admirable translation printed side by side, and completed by a series of Appendices dealing with "Textual," "Linguistic," "Literary," and "Bibliographical" questions. The whole is good from end to end; the specialist and the general reader will alike find much that is of extraordinary interest.

Nor can it be said that the publication of this work is uncalled for, it being sixty years since the last English edition appeared, so that this brilliant treatise is but little known to the

* "Longinus on the Sublime." By Professor W. Rhys Roberts, (Cambridge: The University Press, 1899. pp. x., 288.)

present generation. No doubt the neglect from which it has suffered is due to the fact that "the Greek is," as Gibbon noted, "from its figurative style and frequent metaphors, extremely difficult"; but Gibbon saw that he had found a treasure; he "redoubled his application," and he was rewarded. His cold, dispassionate nature is fired with enthusiasm. "The ninth chapter," he writes in his Journal, "is one of the finest monuments of antiquity." Longinus is a critic who practises his art according to a new method. "In criticising a beautiful passage . . . he tells me his own feelings . . . and tells them with such energy that he communicates them. I almost doubt which is most sublime, Homer's Battle of the Gods or Longinus's Apostrophe to Terentianus upon it." But what Gibbon had to master by hard work, what stimulated that fine scholar, Charles James Fox, to pursue his study of Greek as a boy at Eton by the "intense pleasure" (p. 259) which he derived from it, is now made easy for all by the labour and ability of Professor Roberts. No man, for the future, can claim to be a critic, a scholar, or even a respectable classical student who does not know Longinus.

It is not necessary here to discuss who Longinus was. Professor Roberts sufficiently disproves the traditional view that he was the well-known tutor of Queen Zenobia, and is inclined to regard him as having lived towards the close of the first or the commencement of the second century. His personal identity must, however, remain doubtful; the value of what he wrote is permanent and sure. Though comparatively little known in England to-day, though Macaulay dismisses him with a sneer—"From Longinus we learn only that sublimity means height"—yet his merit is too great to be long obscured by temporary variations of taste, and his reputation will beyond doubt revive. The French are certainly not deficient in a fine sense of literary style, and during the eighteenth century Boileau's translation of the *De Sublimitate* was in France a standard classic, edition succeeding edition with almost startling rapidity. Pope assuredly understood criticism, and those who neglect Longinus should re-read the famous description of him as

> An ardent Judge, who zealous in his trust,
> With warmth gives sentence, and is always just;
> Whose own example strengthens all his laws;
> And is himself that great Sublime he draws.

If, too, such a work as this ever demanded study, it demands it now. For what Longinus means by "Sublimity" is that great simplicity, that absolute purity, that masculine and masterly power which can spring only from "a great soul"—ὕψος μεγαλοφροσύνης ἀπήχημα is his notable phrase—animated by earnest feeling and nurtured on what is noblest and best in literature. For affectation, eccentricity, and exaggeration, for straining after effect, for superfluous ornament, for all, in fact, that characterises nine tenths of our present writers and speakers, he has a supreme contempt. "All these ugly and parasitical growths," he writes in a sentence which sounds strangely modern, "arise in literature from a single cause, that pursuit of novelty in the expression of ideas which may be regarded as the fashionable craze of to-day." The models he himself would have imitated are the best authors, and the best authors only, those whose works have stood the sure test of time and universal acceptation. The writer who would write well must study them, in order that "what we may call effluences from these great natures may be borne in upon his soul;" and he must write, not to catch a passing popularity, but "shaping some idea in his mind as to how perchance Homer would have said this very thing, or how it would have been raised to the sublime by Plato or Demosthenes or by the historian Thucydides." Nay more, he should imagine himself as rehearsing his work before an assembly of such lofty souls, "for the ordeal is indeed a severe one, if we presuppose such a tribunal and theatre for our own utterances, and imagine that we are undergoing a scrutiny of our writings before these great heroes, acting as judges and witnesses." The ordeal would, in truth, be severe, and one wonders how many popular orators, how many popular writers of this closing century would survive it. Yet Englishmen possess in their native tongue the most perfect model of "Sublimity" that exists in literature. In that respect, certainly, the English Bible has no rival. It is, and will remain, the one book which every great English writer must know and reverence, and no one in whose utterance some echo of its thoughts and language is not heard can aspire to the praise of "Sublimity" as defined by Longinus and illustrated (c. ix. 9) by a quotation, which has no parallel in classical literature, from the third verse of the Book of Genesis.

It must not, however, be supposed that Longinus merely deals in vague generalities. He is, on the other hand, a close, clear, and convincing critic. He illustrates every point by a wealth of quotations, and, among others, he leaves learning in his debt for ever by preserving a marvellous ode of Sappho, to which he appends a comment not unworthy of its subject. He deals with passages of Homer so that even the dullest must feel their power. He analyses the famous sentence of Demosthenes—I once quoted it to the editor of a famous daily paper, but he thought it dull—in which he describes the threatening danger from Macedon as "passing by, even as a cloud (ὥσπερ νέφος)" in a way which shows his complete mastery of all the technical minutiæ of rhetoric.

Further, Longinus possesses in full measure the discrimination, the acuteness, and the depth which are essential to a great critic. He admires, but he does not admire blindly. Space demands that only a reference should be given to the comparison which he draws (c. xii.) between Demosthenes, who "in his speed, power, and intensity . . . is like a flash of lightning," and Cicero, who "rolls on with wide-devouring flames, after the manner of a widespread conflagration"; or, finally, to the whole of the wonderful seventh chapter, in which the writer seeks to define sublimity or true greatness, and, in doing so, lays down a law which will be new to many critics, but which exhibits the critical faculty at its highest. No passage can be considered, says Longinus, to attain "true sublimity," which "when heard repeatedly by a man of intelligence, who is well versed in literature, does not dispose the soul to high thoughts, *and does not leave in his mind more food for reflection than the words seem to convey.*" A critical remark of greater insight is not to be found in any ancient writer. T. E. PAGE.

NIETZSCHE'S GENEALOGY OF MORALS.*

English readers have for some time past had a chance of making acquaintance with "Zarathustra," of which a new issue has just appeared. Doubtless it contains the pith of Nietzsche, but it is such a jumble of ideas good and slovenly, of bright poetry and rhodomontade, that "A Genealogy of Morals" had better precede it in a study of his work. With the latter book alone we shall deal here. Let us assure readers that, whatever its worth as philosophy, it intimately concerns the present time.

Nietzsche's main contention is that "superior" or "noble," in its caste sense, was the fundamental concept from which "good" developed. As there are two races, noble and slave, there are two ideals, one of these spontaneous, active, aggressive, that of "the blond beast," the conquering Aryan- of which Napoleon may be taken as the incarnation; the other negative, reactive, that of the servile pre-Aryan, represented now by the Christian, the ascetic, the pitiful man. The latter ideal has almost avenged its origin, for it has the modern world in thrall. This slave morality, he holds, does not begin in resignation to the strength of the conquerors, but in resentment and envy. The ascetic ideal is the vengeance of the sickly and the weak on the sound and capable. Though it does not altogether destroy his contention, one must say in passing that it is based on etymological statements which are pure nonsense.

This vindication of the strong does not make Nietzsche anarchical or revolutionary, be it said. It ranges him on the side of law and order. He speaks for high-handed aristocracies. Communism is hateful to him—"hostile to life . . . an outrage upon the future of man, a sign of languor, a by-way to the Nothing." His hypothesis of the evolution of conscience is curious. Punishment must early appear as a consequence of the assertion of power. But while he takes it for granted, he guards himself against its over-sanctification. It tames man; makes him wary, sharpens his memory, but does not make him better. And it is not the originator of conscience. No, conscience arose, he says, when society, in its own defence, began to check man's warring instincts. But it could not kill them: and so each man turned that hostility he could not vent on others against himself. Man became internalised. The disease of conscience grew apace. "Oh, for this insane, wretched

* "A Genealogy of Morals. Poems." By Friedrich Nietzsche. Translated by W. A. Haussmann and John Gray. 8s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
"Thus spake Zarathustra." Translated by Alexander Tille. 17s. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

beast of man!" He warred against the actual; he called the natural in himself evil. Compare the Christian and the Grecian deities. The Christian God took upon Himself punishment, but the Grecian gods took guilt, and were not ashamed. Shame is the heritage of slave morality.

The most vigorous and most suggestive portion of the book deals with the ascetic ideal. He abuses it in unmeasured terms; but, for, luckily, he is inconsistent, he respects it when it is sincere, when it is not merely "the *tartufferie* of righteousness practised by impotence." It has been to the world the "*faute de mieux par excellence*." It is a regimen for the sick—and so many are sick. Yet he waxes indignant that the sound should tend the sick, and at all the waste of modern altruism. The sick should tend each other. And they do. The priests, the sharers and idealisers of impotence, are the nurses of the feeble. When they hear the curses of the weaklings, it is their duty to turn their patients' resentment inwards; to transform hostility to others into a sense of their own sin; to dull the knowledge of the world's desolation by inciting to good works and to religious ecstasy. Poverty, humility, chastity, these are enjoined in the ascetic ideal. But all great souls practise these—at least, at times. Yes, he says, but not as virtues. The ascetic ideal has its uses. For the philosopher, for every worker, it is convenient. Family life, fulness of life, are obstructions to the best expressions of themselves. And so they flee to the desert to be free from hindering duties. Though Science may deny the divinity of the ideal it provides no safe escape from it. Science and asceticism are allied. They both believe in truth as the end of life; and truth is a fetish. The only escape lies in Art, which sanctifies falsehood, which desires and wills illusion. Let the shrewd reader guess how much of this is pure contradictoriness, and how much the conviction of a rebel against the doctrines that would limit the freedom of his soul in the name of this or that shadow of unproven might.

There Nietzsche leaves the matter. He dreams a great pagan plan, perhaps, but he does not shape it. He has hope. The Redeemer will come, he who will be Antichrist, Anti-nihilist, the Positive one, nobly aggressive. Left in this condition his statement can be excusably adapted to suit opinion which he might revolt from. Little wonder his philosophy, or a selected portion of it, is fashionable in Germany to-day. The glorifiers of aggression, of the iron hand, take Nietzsche as their prophet. Since he has not completed his system, Lutheranism does not refuse to keep company with a few convenient texts from this atheist. And his spirit, that portion which can be expressed politically, is abroad in England at this moment, is immensely popular, especially among those who would not and could not read a line of Nietzsche. It is even set to jingling tunes and sung in our music halls. A. M.

MR. JAMES' NEW NOVEL.*

The honest reader in search of a story will stare dazedly through perhaps a third of Mr. James's new book, and then shut it with a snort. Serious readers in search of a problem will go along the road a little further, but if they continue too long, their wrath at the end will surely consume the writer. Students of character may complain that too great a burden is put on them. Indeed, everyone has excellent grounds of complaint against "The Awkward Age." The book is extraordinarily clever. Such as have some time on their hands, who are well saturated with Mr. James's later style, and have no particular expectations to be cruelly disappointed, will enjoy a large portion of it, will marvel and chuckle over many pages, and yet think after all it was hardly worth the trouble of writing. In "What Maisie Knew," he suggested the tragic circumstances surrounding a young life, with a delicacy and a restrained pathos that were admirable. In "The Two Magics" he cast off restraint and revealed depths of horror lurking under the fairest surface. His new book is also to some extent a study of degeneration, but the question is dealt with so lightly, and so politely, that you are convicted of priggery if you take it seriously at all. He introduces us to a London set, lively, graceful, perfect in their worldly *role*. It would be the worst of manners to inquire whether at bottom they are very good or very bad. They talk a great deal in a language of their own that has grown out of their constant intercourse with each other. An outsider must listen hard and guess a great deal. The set contains two girls. One of them has been guarded from its influence, the other has sucked in all it had to give, and judged the result, while she was still in pinafores. If you have leisure to study the members of the set in Mr. James's fashion, helped by the example of that other outsider, Mr. Longdon—a gentleman of the old school, who comes back to London after thirty years of retirement, to watch and wonder painfully—you will own that some of them, Mitchy, the Duchess, Mrs. Brookenham, and Nanda, are marvellously worked out. But you must take time and trouble. There is no other living writer who could have written the book, who could so patiently and delicately labour to make a fine point, who could deal so sensitively with fine shades, who could analyse the slight so subtly, so wittily. There is infinite grace in the detail; and there is genuine fun in the observation. But taken as a whole, the effect is clumsy and even wearisome. There is ten times too much good stuff. He works a delicate thing to death.

* "The Awkward Age." By Henry James. 6s. (Heinemann.)

NOVEL NOTES.

THE ROMANCE OF ELISAVET. By Mrs. W. M. Ramsay 5s. (Hodder.)

Mrs. Ramsay has named her book well. It is a genuine romance, fresh, picturesque, and delightful. And the freshness is more than mere novelty, though modern Smyrna is untrodden ground for the fictionist. It is the freshness of an untired writer, still in the first zest of her work, and the freshness of a subject that keeps in the open air. We are never invited under a roof for more than five minutes or so at a time, unless it be the temporary shelter of a café or a shed. And we have come to the conclusion that in this absence of roofs lies the secret of the book's charm. But there is also an exhilarating youthfulness which adds to the attraction. Elisavet (the name is a romance in itself, if only we knew how to pronounce it; the printed accent is cunningly placed so as *not* to help) is seventeen; Panayotti, her lover, is twenty. Their lovemaking is of a simple, healthy, six-o'clock-in-the-morning type, with none of the suspicions, and misunderstandings, and heart searchings, and dissimulations that are among the conventions of Western love affairs. Panayotti's adventures are among brigands on the mountains; Elisavet's chiefly among soap-suds and soup pots in the courtyard-kitchen of her employers' house. And about both there is a simplicity and ingenuousness alike in good and evil which is refreshing to read about. They are by no means ideal characters. Elisavet is just the species of domestic servant to drive a long-suffering mistress to distraction, and Panayotti, though an honest and upright fellow, is not overwise. His end is as tragic, not to say ghastly, as can be imagined. But throughout the book there is a bonhomie, a brightness, and a kind of simple, human pleasantness that set the seal to the story-teller's gift. Mrs. Ramsay, by this one novel, has placed herself in the ranks of the writers whose books will be looked for.

THE PROCESSION OF LIFE. By Horace Annesley Vachell. 6s. (Sands.)

Mr. Vachell's novel is a serious and a particularly sympathetic bit of work. Primarily a study of farming life in California in difficult times, it is yet far more than a picture of local manners. Human nature, in the persons of a few Californians and one Englishman, is widely and profoundly treated. Tragedy and comedy, the hard reality of existence and its changing, charming, elusive lights, find room enough for expression and for play in this story of struggle with soil and climate. It is the history of two beautiful sisters. The softer of them marries a man who has to make his way unaided, and who sees himself and his wife burying each year an old aspiration, killed by the hard material fight in which they are engaged. The more vigorous one marries an Englishman, who is prosperous enough to be idle, and who gets into mischief, because his restlessly energetic wife keeps him from his real sphere, that of an English squire and politician, which would call forth his abilities and his interest. It is a strange, sad coil; but Mr. Vachell does not permit the tragedy to be played out to the bitter end. Youth and love are still with Esther and Jeff, and Warrender and Martha, and help them back to a sound footing on the road of life. The characters are excellently drawn; and readers over here will be stimulated to interest in and understanding of them by the attitude of

Warrender the Englishman, who found so much in his new life to puzzle and fascinate him. "As a Briton, brought up in the rut of tradition and convention, he could not interpret this Wagneresque fantasia of good and bad, of bitter and sweet, of strong and weak. 'Upon my soul,' he muttered, 'humanity here is a sort of cocktail!' Why was Selina Timkin like a page out of some illuminated mediæval missal? Why did Joshua Clark believe in Christian Science? Why did Jeff Barber plough ten hours a day and wish to read essays upon culture?"

THE OLD DOMINION. By Mary Johnston. 6s. (Constable.)

Very few historical novels present so real a picture of little known scenes and times as this story, in which is depicted the life in and about the Virginian plantations when English "prisoners of hope" used there to expiate their crimes, or the no less heinous offence of differing from the authorities in opinion. The existence of the slaves and of the convicts was hung round with a gloomy cruelty that rends one's heart to read of; but the average sentiment of the times was not revolted, and gentle women living on their husband's or father's estates took it for granted as one of the stern but necessary laws of the world. Yet there was rising obscurely, gradually, in daring souls, a feeling that it was not meant to last, a revolt against the heartlessness,

MISS MARY JOHNSTON.

the degradation of the system. Miss Johnston in her story does not allow herself the pleasure of watching the certain dawn of humanity, only the faint glimmerings. Her scenes are dark and tumultuous—slave plottings, a slave insurrection, the strong, cruel arm of might crushing the hopeless risings of desperate men. But though blood and tears are her theme, she writes with great restraint. She does not deal brutally with a brutal subject; yet neither does she deal weakly with it. Almost every other writer would have defied the certain history of the time, given Landless his freedom in a new country, and joined him to Patricia. Relentless facts forbid the possibility, and in the last pages we watch a tragic separation of two lovers, and, as the only conceivable concession to the unlucky man, his eternal banishment into the wilderness. We have been much struck by the unusual power and dignity manifested in "The Old Dominion," and by the excellence of its style. If Miss Johnston produces more work of this calibre she will make an honourable name for herself.

ANNE MAULEVERER. By Mrs. Mannington Caffyn. 6s. (Methuen.)

In "Anne Mauleverer" there is occasionally better work than in "A Yellow Aster." But there is also worse. It is quite possible to take an interest in what the heroine *did*. About what she *was*, the writer and her readers must be constantly at variance. If our impression be correct, she is the same woman that appeared in "A Yellow Aster," and in all the other stories—and likewise she is no woman at all. The faultless angel is out of fashion in fiction; and Mrs. Caffyn knowing this, yet unable to give her up, has disguised her with fantastic drapings, and put unconventional words into her mouth. But behind these the angel dummy remains undisturbed by a breath of real life. She is, of course, an angel according to a particular pattern—not the orthodox one. We should know Mrs. Caffyn's pattern by this time—Irish, belonging to the upper classes, somewhat emancipated; her heart a perfect ocean of love and magnanimity; motherly after a very self-conscious fashion, and looking on the whole race of men as needing indulgence and kindly humorous pity at the hands of women; miraculously wise; credited with some weaknesses, but never allowed to exercise a single one. In this book the type is varied by the addition of some extraordinary gifts. Anne is a great artist, as well as the bosom friend of every man she comes in contact with, and the guardian of every child and beast. She knows the points of a horse better than any jockey; she can stem a revolution as easily as you could call a cab. Indeed, Miss Corelli, in her most exuberant creative moments, could not better her. Her fancy having had its will in the fashioning of this impossible thing with a human name, she becomes demoralised; and the book that began with some vigour and an effort after good writing ends in a mush of sentiment. The other characters do not help it greatly. There is a monstrous and quite superfluous child, and there are a few more or less hazy persons who exist that Anne may exercise her philanthropy on them. But our interest was really once aroused when the artist heroine was commissioned by the king of Italy to go to Ireland and buy horses for him, and take charge of the grooms and horses on the way.

LOVEL THE WIDOWER, ETC., and BALLADS AND MISCELLANIES. By William Makepeace Thackeray. (Biographical Edition.) 6s. each. (Smith and Elder.)

In the introduction to "Lovel the Widower" we reach the end of Mrs. Ritchie's delightful reminiscences. Month by month, for the last year, they have brought us new pleasure. We looked forward to them with eagerness, and the best we can say now is that they have not disappointed us. The very method of their appearance has given them a special charm—each chapter prefixed to the work to which it refers. We have read works and reminiscences together, turning from story to introduction, and from introduction to story, as the references occurred, and in their close association we have found the best of our enjoyment. The reminiscences published in a book by themselves would not have attracted us nearly so much. The idea of a biography of Thackeray does not attract us at all. But we consider a set of this biographical edition the most delightful addition that the year has brought to any library. This last group of reminiscences describes the circumstances which prompted some of the Roundabout Papers. An unpublished chapter of "Denis Duval" is also printed, in which Thackeray dwells upon the associations which clung around his old study-chair, once the property of Dr. Carmichael-Smyth. It reminded him of old friends gone, and as he sat in it, the thought was often with him that "the generation to which I belong is the next to be called." The thought was not an unhappy one. He had no shrinking from answering his *Adsum* to the call. "When my father wrote of death it was with peaceful encouragement and goodwill," Mrs. Ritchie says, and most appropriately she chooses for the conclusion of these loving recollections of a good and a great man's life some of his words of peace and encouragement:—

"I go—to what I don't know—but to God's next world, which is His, and He made it. One paces up and down the shore yet a while—and looks towards the unknown ocean, and thinks of the traveller whose boat sailed yesterday. Those we love can but walk down to the pier with us—the voyage we must make alone. Except for the young or very happy, I can't say I am sorry for anyone who dies."

THE UNCALLED. By Paul Laurence Dunbar. 5s. (Service and Paton.)

Mr. Dunbar has been studying white folks instead of black lately, and has found in them as good story-making material as among our former friends from Dixie. He throws about us from the first the characteristic atmosphere of the little community inhabiting the back streets of Dexter, Ohio, with its religious peculiarities and its Methodism, good and bad. The scenes where the neighbours and gossips meet around Margaret Brent's death-bed, and again where they desire the disposal of the uncared-for orphan boy, get us at once into the heart of the

whole business. Then Miss Hester Prime appears and adopts the boy—not out of love, for Miss Prime admits no weaknesses, but out of a stern and commanding sense of duty. Afterwards she suffers strange amazement at the boy's preference for lying flat on the floor with his book, and kicking his heels in the air, even when there are chairs and a table at his disposal in the room. She does her duty by him faithfully, sternly, unremittingly, and crushes him in her iron mould almost out of all human semblance. Almost, but not quite, for old Eliphalet Hodges, who wins our heart beyond anybody else in Dexter, takes him away occasionally, and with candy for the child and sympathy for the growing lad, keeps a soft place always in his heart. The young man's struggle with himself when he is forced into the ministry "uncalled," and his revolt against the unchristian malice of the local pastor and his flock are, next to the sorrows of his childish years, the best parts of the book. There is, too, a pathetic grace in the love story of Uncle 'Liphalet and Aunt Hester, and a sprightly humour in the dialogues of the village-gossips. Altogether the book is capital. We are accustomed to look for good work from Mr. Dunbar, and this is quite worthy of his excellent record.

MR. PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

THE SPAN O' LIFE. By William McLennan and J. N. Macllwraith. 6s. (Harpers.)

The authors of this vigorous romance have found stuff for their story in the memoirs of the Chevalier Johnston and in the history of Canada in the latter half of the eighteenth century. But their imaginations have worked freely enough, and the book has neither the dryness nor the heaviness that are so frequently born of an abundance of actual material. Collaboration has not hampered Mr. McLennan; and "The Span o' Life" is as likely to be popular as was the story he wrote by himself, "John Splendid." We welcome all attempts to deal with historical romance in a responsible fashion, and here we have the feeling that the writers have saturated themselves with the spirit of the times they write of, while certainly they present us to real human beings, not mere puppets. It may shock some timid readers to think that two women follow Maxwell to Canada, one his grave, austere wife, one the woman he adores. But his is an honest love-story all the same, and when after his wanderings and his fighting he comes back to his native land, we are glad the spirited, the adventurous, the faithful Margaret is his companion. The writers have broken fresh ground, and been pioneers into a particularly interesting country of romance.

RIDAN THE DEVIL, and Other Stories. By Louis Becke. 6s. (Unwin.)

It is enough to announce a new book by Mr. Louis Becke; it is superfluous to review it. He has gained the ear of a large public, who are attracted by his tales of the South Seas, who find them quite to their taste. Few writers have more first-hand experience of adventure. He has wandered by land and sea; he has made his bed in strange places, and had comrades of every complexion and class. He represents the roving spirit of the Englishman, and his matter must reflect, of course, a good deal of the brutality which, we are told, saves the race from effeminacy and extinction. We find his material excellent within the limits of his rather narrow observation, and we always plunge into his books with an eager hope of being excited and invigorated. But nearly always we are repelled by the dulness of his manner. He is quite careless of effect, altogether monotonous in tone. His answer would be that he keeps his many readers satisfied, and to that we have no retort. But he might think it worth his while, without condescending to the weakness of being artistic, to cure himself of such ordinary faults of grammar as the one he repeats so often. "My father . . . would allow we boys"; "Her dislike of the clergyman was shared by all we children"; "My mother called we children." Mr. Becke's audience will not be disappointed with his latest book of stories; and most of them will read with special interest his vindication of "Bully" Hayes, who, he asserts, "was not the remorseless ruffian that his enemies and many writers of tales of the South Seas have painted him; furthermore, he was one of the best sailor-men that ever trod a deck. Had he lived in the times of Drake or Dampier, he would have been a hero, for he was a man born to command and lead."

A DAUGHTER OF THE VINE. By Gertrude Atherton. 6s. (Service and Paton.)

One is pulled two ways in one's judgment of Mrs. Atherton's latest story. There is strong work in it, and the strength is more concentrated, less wasted, than in any of her former books. There is unusual vigour displayed, and there is courage. But the painfulness of the tale must affect one's criticism. It is not the mere theme we object to; the gradual degradation of a beautiful and gifted woman through the hereditary curse of drink is, of course, legitimate matter for the novelist, and we are not complaining that we are asked to face it. But while the attractiveness of the woman and the evil influences that have beset her are insisted on, so that our sympathies are roused to the fullest extent, the catastrophe never seems to us altogether inevitable. There is so much strength in Nina that we see natural escapes for her all along; while Mrs. Atherton seems to go out of her way to invent obstructions to her deliverance. So we somewhat resent the end as wantonly terrible. Otherwise the book is excellent in a melancholy fashion. Its secondary purpose, that of depicting the decay of the Spaniard in California, the charm and lavishness of Spanish hospitality, the weakness and incapacity of the Spanish temperament in front of modern forces, is admirably fulfilled. Our interest in the book forbids a pleasant backward look on it, but—save for the objection we have already named—our remembrance of it must be strongly coloured with admiration.

THE BLUNDER OF AN INNOCENT. By E. Maria Albanesi. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

There are some very clever character studies in this book. The villain, Bettine, a woman without heart or principles, ought, according to sentimental canons of criticism, to seem an impossible monster; but it is not the case. She is a very real person, though for her redeeming qualities you have to count such non-moral ones as her cleverness, her beauty, and her desire to please when it suits her purpose. She plays havoc with the happiness of a family, jilts one man, ruins another, makes a fool of a third, the cleverest, and then makes it up with the first, for his sins. A very good story is the result; but the main worth of the book lies in the fast grip which the writer has on the realities of human nature. Her studies are not profound, and they are not at all pretentious; but the top strata of the minds and characters of various English types she has examined and described with an ability far above the average. Old Lady Kingsberry; her young granddaughter, the wholesome, gracious Anne; Anne's father, the quiet, strong man who lets himself be bullied by his disagreeable wife; Bettine and her lovers, play their parts and speak them with vigour and conviction.

GOSTA BERLING'S SAGA. By Selma Lagerlöf. Translated by Lillie Tudeer. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

There is a fierce and passionate tone of mystery about this weird succession of tales—for succession it is, although Gösta Berling, the outcast priest, the beggar cavalier, the reveller, the drunkard, the beloved of the best and fairest of women, is the hero all through. The incidents are coloured with the wild Scandinavian superstitions; the devil is there with hoof and horn, and bonds written in blood on black paper; tempestuous love and hate are the moving principles in the lawless life. But there is a root of truth and goodness beneath the extravagance, and at the close the writer says. "The giant bees of Fancy have thronged about us for a year and a day, but how they are to enter the beehives of Reality is surely their own affair!" It is the reader's affair, too, and if he finds the clue it will reward him. We do not wonder at the interest the book has aroused in Sweden, for it is a remarkable one, striking, even on a hasty reading, but holding a deeper meaning beneath the surface.

SELMA LAGERLÖF.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON. A Memoir. By his Son. 10s. (Macmillan.)

What with Tennyson's Poems in sixpenny editions, and the Memoir in a single volume, cheap enough, though not yet at the sixpenny stage, Messrs. Macmillan and Co. are doing their part to bring the late Laureate within the reach of the most modest purse. This book is in the style of the familiar "Globe Editions," bound in green cloth and printed clearly on serviceable paper. It is a useful and thoroughly presentable volume, quite good enough for any economical man's shelf. An excellent portrait forms the frontispiece, and various facsimiles of original manuscripts are given. It is unnecessary to discuss the work itself. It is little over eighteen months since it first appeared, and it was fully reviewed at the time. Those who already know its worth, but have not bought it for themselves, will find themselves well off with this admirable edition.

THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE. In Ten Volumes. Edited, with Introductions and Notes, by C. H. Herford, Litt. D. Eversley Series. 5s. each vol. (Macmillan.)

Professor Herford makes it clear at the outset that these ten volumes are not school-books. Students will find them useful, probably indispensable, but they have not been prepared for the class-room. The notes provide "such information as may serve to smooth the reader's path without insulting his intelligence." The introductions appeal to the ordinary cultivated reader who cares for literature and for his library. Professor Herford has succeeded admirably in doing just what he aimed at, and just what the reading public want. The volumes are plainly but tastefully bound, pleasant to handle, easy to read. Publisher and editor together have combined in producing a Shakespeare which should find a place in every well-appointed library.

THE ETCHINGHAM LETTERS By Ella Fuller Maitland and Sir Frederick Pollock. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Such letters as these are delightful to read. But what would they be (in the way of ordinary unprinted correspondence) to write? Fortunately the question is an idle one, for these letters are not an ordinary correspondence, but a genuine piece of literary workmanship, and very good at that. Miss Elizabeth Etchingham is as witty and as wise as a woman may be, and her sensible and worthy brother, Sir Richard, has just the qualities for her to sharpen her iron against; Laura, the stepmother, fills the fool's place admirably, though to our mind she wears her cap and bells pathetically. It must be admitted that Elizabeth was the kind of woman to make every other woman seem pathetic by contrast, charmingly so in the case of the young and pretty, amusingly so in the old and otherwise. Elizabeth herself, on the other hand, is unconvincing in tragedy. We find a wonderful deal of recondite learning as we turn the pages, but all lightened with personal touches, and enlivened with quips and pleasantries. We enjoyed the letters thoroughly in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and have enjoyed them again most thoroughly in book form.

RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM. Rendered into English Verse. 2s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

To put FitzGerald's masterpiece within the reach of almost everyone who wants to read it is so much a matter for gratitude that the publishers may expect there should be no admixture of criticism in the reception given to its issue in the favourite Golden Treasury series. We have, in truth, much to be grateful for. We are given the fourth edition and the first, with a list of variations between the second, third, and fourth versions. The form is pretty and convenient. But in a popular edition we should like something more. We are not all members of the Omar Club. We cannot read all the books that have dealt with the Persian original, nor follow through many volumes the lore that would tell us how far FitzGerald tampered with his model. A short summary of the results of recent research should have been prefixed. And save in the editor's note there is no mention of FitzGerald at all! Yet the book in its cheap form will fall into new hands, quite outside the well-informed literary circles, doubtless. It reflects too closely the latent philosophy of the day not to be received with profound interest by fresh readers. For their sakes some slight biography of the remarkable translator, who hid himself so effectively from popular knowledge, should certainly have been included.

"1812." Napoleon I. in Russia. By Vassili Verestchagin. With an Introduction by R. Whiteing. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Whiteing describes this book as "the statement of the basis of observation on which M. Verestchagin has founded his great series of pictures illustrative of the campaign." The "basis of observation" is in the main quite sound, and to all admirers of the Russian painter his notes must be deeply interesting. Even non-admirers will find them graphic and terse. Verestchagin has made a great impression on the English mind, because he is a painter with a declared, obvious, consistent purpose. That it is not directly an artistic purpose is all the better for his repute among us. He is a vigorous moralist, a striking personality. Mr. Whiteing would have been better employed in emphasising that than in making claims for him as an artist that cannot for a moment be upheld. On the artistic side he is far from despicable; but for all his distinction as a man, he is not one of the eminent painters of Europe. And to treat him as a pioneer in realism is absurd.

ANNA RUINA. By Michael Field. 3s. 6d. net. (D. Nutt.)

Michael Field's new drama calls to mind the "Attila" of the same writer's, but "Anna Ruina" contains the better work. There is the same tone prevailing: "All for love, and the world well lost," is the note of both. There is the same want of coherence and of balance, and, we regret to say, the same hysterical temper. The delight in barbarism, as if it were the one thing in the world with any taste in it, appears again; as does the rather juvenile self-conscious flouting of conventions. But in both there is genuine poetry, and in the later one there are passages of great beauty. The heroine of the drama is that Anna, daughter of Jaroslav, Duke of Russia, who was the second wife of Henry I. of France, and mother of Philip I.—not Philip II., as stated in the list of persons of the drama. In her widowhood she loved Raoul, Count of Valois, who forsook for her his wife Aliénor. All the forces of law, civil and ecclesiastical, range themselves on one side; on the other is a woman to whom love is the one thing of worth on earth, who defies all earthly powers to realise it, and who brings to her loving the wildness, the freshness, of her native steppes. We have said the drama is incoherent, undignified, hysterical. But there are lyric outbursts in it of such beauty that they haunt and enchant the memory, wiping out all the weakness and the stains. It is a love-story of the woods. In the woods of Senlis, Anna, the stranger, finds the love of Raoul. The pungent scent of the trees draws them from the world. In the shade they see but each other. Outside the forest margin they are dead. Says Anna:

> I have never loved
> Save in the woods of Senlis; all I know
> Of love is breathing it.

the woods they find the courage to defy. Says Raoul:

> Then with no vow,
> Then in the storm and to the bitter end,
> I take you for my own. I give myself
> Wholly to you.
> 'Tis but a gipsy hearth
> That we can kindle; all the summer woods
> Crackling before us for our warmth, and all
> Our comfort in the flame.

And when Raoul dies, they make a tryst in the deep fir-shades of her native forests. His gentle page puts the crucifix on his dead master's breast; but Anna walks out without a glance at the body, back to Russia and the tryst.

JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU AND THE COSMOPOLITAN SPIRIT IN LITERATURE. By Josephe Texte. Translated by J. W. Mathews. 7s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

The only mistake made by M. Texte in his book—which is mainly a study of the literary relations between France and England during the eighteenth century—is in his taking the trouble to argue the point that the breaking down of the barriers between the literature of France and that of the northern nations, dates further back than the work of the Romantics of 1830, that it is mainly due to Rousseau. No serious student of modern France has ever thought otherwise, though a few "septentriomaniacs," of their hot detractors may, in ignorance, hold the cosmopolitan spirit to be a thing of to-day's growth. M. Texte's thesis is not at all new, but his book is not, therefore, superfluous. It is dedicated in gratitude to M. Brunetière, and in its painstaking, thorough methods we are constantly reminded of that critic. But cosmopolitanism

in France has a much more cheerful and tolerant observer in M. Texte than in the editor of the *Revue de Deux Mondes*. The conclusion is commonplace enough. Literature on the old classical lines no longer expresses the modern French mind. Some of its force, and much of its admirable style have disappeared since it grew less native. The tendency is dangerous, but necessary, inevitable. Rousseau with his study of Germanic, and especially English theories and books, began the work. Madame de Staël continued it. The Romantics brought it on with a popular rush. Nothing is more familiar to any one with even a superficial interest in modern thought than such statements. The interest and the value of the book lie in the illustrations and development of a perfectly familiar theme. And the detailed study of how Rousseau came under the influence of England, mingled our spirit with his own, and disseminated the result with his peculiar force; how the English novel became a power in France; how Diderot helped his countrymen to understand and appreciate our point of view; how Sterne, the man and his work, both had their influence, and how the charm of Ossian spread over Europe, capturing France by the way—all this is related with a care, a lucidity, and an attractiveness which deserve the highest praise. One little point M. Texte discounts or overlooks. In comparing the older and the newer Frenchman, he says Hugo, Chateaubriand, and Renan "are not French in the same way as their elders." He means they are cosmopolitan, that they have come under northern influence. But would Chateaubriand and Renan at any date have been Frenchmen of the stamp of Voltaire, or Malherbe, or Molière? They were Bretons.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ASKWITH, Rev. E. H.—The Epistle to the Galatians, 3/6 ..Macmillan
Book of Psalms, 2/6 .....Cam. Univ. Press
[*Contains the Authorised, Revised, and Prayer Book Versions in parallel columns.*]
BUTLER, Dr. H. M.—Public School Sermons, 5/- .....Isbister
[*A collection of able sermons delivered at various English Public Schools at various times between 1860 and 1898. The sermons are frank, bright and inspiring in tone, admirably suited to an audience of thoughtful and well-educated boys.*]
Codex Bezæ Cantabrigiensis, £12 12/- .....Cam. Univ. Press
[*A facsimile edition of the Greek and Latin MS. of the Four Gospels and Acts of the Apostles preserved in the Cambridge University Library. This remarkable and valuable publication will enable scholars at a distance to investigate the original text, and will also spare the MS. itself some of the tear and wear resulting from use and reference.*]
CHURCH, R. W.—On the Relations between Church and State, 1/- Macmillan
[*Reprinted from the "Christian Remembrancer" of April, 1850. Certain constitutional questions then raised by the Gorham Case are again before us, and Dean Church's article of fifty years ago comes in appropriately.*]
DAVIDSON, Prof. W. L.—Christian Ethics (Guild Library), 1/6..Black
GAIRDNER, Dr. J.—The English Reformation, 6d.....Macmillan
[*A reprint in the form of a pamphlet of Dr. Gairdner's recent letter to "The Guardian."*]
HASTINGS, Dr. J.—Dictionary of the Bible, Vol. II....T. and T. Clark
HEBERT, ABBE M.—Plato and Darwin, translated with Introduction by the Hon. W. Gibson, 2/- .....Longmans
[*A philosophic discussion which has a special interest when read in connection with Sabatier's "Esquisse d' une Philosophie de la Religion," which preceded by several years.*]
MARSDEN, S. L.—A Gem of Orthodoxy, 6/- .....Unwin
STEVENS, Prof. G. B.—The Theology of the New Testament, 12/- T. and T. Clark

FICTION.

ALBANESI, E. M.—The Blunder of an Innocent, 6/- .....Hutchinson
[*See p.* 83.]
AUBREY, F.—A Queen of Atlantis, 6/-.....Hutchinson
[*Here are adventures galore, strange monsters, weird grottoes, princes and navies out of fairyland, and three very modern young men and a lovely girl carrying their lives in their hands through it all. The book's special attraction is that of all adventure stories, but its details are fresh and original.*]
BARRY, J. A.—A Son of the Sea, 6/- .....Duckworth
[*A very spirited piece of writing. Mr. Barry made a reputation with his earlier stories, and this new novel is far and away the best thing he has written.*]
BECKE, L.—Ridan the Devil (Green Cloth Library), 6/-.....Unwin
[*See p.* 83.]
BROUGHTON, R.—The Game and the Candle, 6/-.....Macmillan
[*This is far from Miss Rosa Broughton's best work. The characters are commonplace and uninteresting, and the use of the present tense and effort after emotional effect only produce a wearisome sense of strain.*]
BRYDEN, H. A.—An Exiled Scot, 6/- ..... :.....Chatto
[*A brightly-written and adventurous story describing the wanderings of a Stuart soldier after Culloden. We find him in Highland caves with his Prince, then in Holland, and at last in Dutch South Africa, where he encounters Bushmen, finds diamonds and marries Jean Cameron, his cousin and countrywoman. It is a good story, and has some capital Scots characters.*]
BUCKLEY, R.—A Mistaken Identity, 3/6 .....Digby
[*A volume of short stories remarkably foolish and inept.*]
BURTON, J. B.—Fortune's my Foe, 6/- .....Pearson
[*Mr. Burton can always be trusted to write a lively romance. "Fortunes my Foe" is a story of the navy in the "wonderful year" of 1759, and from beginning to end it is exciting reading.*]
By Creek and Gully, Edited by Lala Fisher, 6/-..... ....Unwin
[*A volume of lively stories and verses descriptive of Australian life. Mr. Douglas Sladen contributes an excellent tale of a romantic flight from blacks. The editor writes stories and verses, and Mrs. Campbell Praed and Mr. Louis Becke are among the other contributors.*]
CABLE, G. W.—Strong Hearts, 5/-.....Hodder
[*See p.* 77.]
CAFFYN, Mrs. M.—Anne Mauleverer, 6/- .....Methuen
[*See p.* 82.]
CARDELLA, G.—A King's Daughter, 6/-.....Sonnenschein
[*A thoroughly good book about a thoroughly good woman, Cornwall, London, and Borneo supply the scenery; the characters are life-like and interesting, and the dialogue bright and natural.*]
COBB, T.—Mr. Passingham, 3/6 ....Lane
COLL, B.—A Strange Executor, 6/-.....Pearson
CONSTANCE, E.—Along the Road, 6/-.....Hutchinson
COOPER, E. H.—Children, Racehorses, and Ghosts, 3/6....Duckworth
[*A book of short stories, most of them very pleasing.*]
CRAWFORD, M.—Meg, 6/- .....Macqueen
DAVY, E. M.—Calumnies, 6/- .....Pearson
[*Tells of a man who loved two women and a woman who loved two men, and the unfounded jealousies and unnecessary miseries that resulted. The story is readable and innocent, and ends in happiness all round.*]
DELAIRE, J.—A Dream of Fame, 3/6.....Long
[*A touching story most effectively told. The heroine is an artist—a genius misunderstood and repressed. Her work and her inspiration are appropriated by a less gifted and unscrupulous young painter, who uses them to build up his own fame. There are some excellent reflections by the way on the so-called "emancipation" of women.*]
DIX, B. M.—Hugh Gwyeth, 6/- ..... Macmillan
[*A stirring tale of the battles of Roundheads and Cavaliers. It is thoroughly well told and interesting.*]
DOWSON, E., and MOORE, A.—Adrian Rome, 6/- ..... Methuen
ESCOTT, T. H. S.—A Trip to Paradoxia, 5/- ..... Greening
[*A series of entertaining burlesques of the manners and customs of our day. They are political matters which Mr. Escott chiefly satirises, and the foibles of various political leaders are hit off with gentle humour.*]
FENN, G. M.—The Vibart Affair, 6/- .....Pearson
[*An interesting and well-told story, in which a secret Nihilist club in London and an accidental explosion of bombs play an important part.*]
FLETCHER, H.—The North Shore Mystery ..... Sonnenschein
[*A "yellow back" of the traditional type, telling of a mysterious murder and the subsequent search for the criminal.*]
GOLSWORTHY, A.—Hands in the Darkness, 3/6.....Pearson
[*Tells of a man who keeps dying and coming to life again in the most persistent and embarrassing fashion. Hypnotism, crimes, hid treasure, and detectives make up a lurid and adventurous tale.*]
GUTHRIE, R.—On God's Lines, and Other Stories, 3/6 Christian Commonwealth Publishing Co.
[*A volume of pleasant and pathetic stories of a minister's life in a mining village.*]
HALIFAX, R.—The Man Between, 6/-.....Richards
[*A lurid and somewhat confusing story, full of hot emotions and angry words. The writer has considerable power, but should allow the reader some occasional relief from tense melodrama.*]
HAMILTON, C.—Through a Keyhole, 3/6.....Chatto
[*A very light and airy little book, giving an amusing account of the love-making and quarrels and makings-up of a young newly married couple.*]
HARRISON, Mrs. D.—Master Passions, 6/- ..... Unwin
[*A novel of artistic life. The writer shows a close acquaintance with Paris studios and German conservatoriums.*]
HARRIS, J. H.—Faith, 3/6 .....Service & Paton
[*A capital story giving an excellent picture of Cornish life and manners.*]
HARTLEY, C. G.—Life the Modeller, 6/- ..... Macqueen
[*Reads like the first effort of a very young writer, whom we strongly advise to give up crude attempts at treating risqué themes and ugly situations. Possibilities of pleasant writing are shown, but the book is utterly spoilt by several regrettable passages.*]
HORNUNG, E. W.—Dead Men Tell No Tales, 6d. ..... Methuen
HOWELLS, W. D.—Ragged Lady, 6/- ..... Harpers
HULME-BEAMAN, E.—The Faith that Kills, 6/- ....Hurst & Blackett
[*A thrilling but unpleasant story, concerned with a Suicide Club and its victims.*]
HURST, N.—The Ivory Queen (Express Series) 2/6 ..... Milne
[*Another murder mystery, well worked out, in which for once the clever detective gets the worst of it.*]
JAMES, H.—The Awkward Age, 6/- ..... Heinemann
[*See p.* 81.]
JEPSON, E., and BEAMES, Capt. D.—On the Edge of the Empire, 6/- Heinemann
JOHNSON, W. H.—Under the Spell of the Fleur-de-Lis, 6/- Gay & Bird
[*A romantic story of Huguenot days in which the affaires de cœur of Henri IV. have a large part.*]
KENNARD, Mrs. E.—Morals of the Midlands, 6s. ..... Hutchinson
[*A sporting story in which hunting and horse-racing have a part. The "morals" referred to in the title are not admirable.*]
KERNAHAN, Mrs. C.—The House of Rimmon, 3/6 ..... Ward, Lock
LAGERLOF, S.—The Miracles of Antichrist, 6/- ..... Gay & Bird
L'EPINE, C.—The Lady of the Leopard, 3/6.....Greening
[*A weird story of a girl who, in addition to her passionate Castilian blood, shares by means of an extraordinary tattoo-mark on her hand the nature of the leopard. She uses her extraordinary powers of fascination to regain her father's lost estates, and, after driving several men to madness and ruin, dies and leaves her*

little world to come to its senses again. It is scarcely a wholesome story, but probably too absurd to do much harm.]

LINDSAY, H.—More Methodist Idylls, 6/-.....Bowden

LOWNDES, Mrs. B.—The Philosophy of the Marquise, 3/6....Richards

MACKIE, J.—The Prodigal's Brother, 3/6.....Jarrold
[*Another of the "Greenback" Series. It is an excellent story of life in the far North-West. The characters are of a rough and ready, half-cultivated type, but human and interesting. There is a good deal of skating and mountain-climbing, an exciting brush with Indians, and a very satisfactory love affair to round things off.*]

MACPHERSON, J.—Didums: A Silhouette, 3/6 .....Long
[*A powerfully written and deeply pathetic story of hopeless love and sorrow. Didums, herself, is beautifully drawn.*]

MEADOWS, A. M.—Out From the Night, 3/6.....Ward, Lock
[*A mysterious murder, wrongful suspicions, misunderstandings, and a happy marriage at the end. The book is in no way unique, but a very fair specimen of its class.*]

MCLENNAN, W., and MCILWRAITH, J. N.—The Span o' Life, 6/- Harpers
[*See p.* 83.]

MCMANUS, L.—Lally of the Brigade, 2/6.....Unwin

MITTON, G. E.—Fire and Tow, 6/-.....Hutchinson

MUDDOCK, J. E.—In the King's Favour, 6/-.....Digby
[*An interesting story of the days of Flodden.*]

MUNDELL, F.—Stories of Sea Adventure, 1/6.....S. S. Union
[*A series of lively stories of peril and adventure—a capital Sunday-school Prize Book.*]

MYERS, F.—Abishag the Shunamite, 3/6.....Sonnenschein
[*The Bible story of Abishag, the pretensions of Adonijah, and certain events of the reign of Solomon extended into an effectively written novel. Opinions will differ as to the propriety of the work. It is not a book for children.*]

OPPENHEIM, E. P.—The Man and his Kingdom, 3/6....Ward, Lock
[*Mr. Oppenheim has vivid imagination and a bright style. His stories show steady improvement; he is fast winning a place among the most successful writers of popular romance. There is not a dull page in his new novel. The plot is excellent and exciting, and the story in every way a good one.*]

PEASE, H.—Tales of Northumbria, 3/6.....Methuen
[*A book of excellent tales in Northumbrian dialect.*]

PRICE, E. C.—Brown Robin, 3/6.....Isbister
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PRITCHARD, M. J.—The Passion of Rosamund Keith, 6/-..Hutchinson
[*Mr. Pritchard created something of a success of daring with his first novel "Without Sin." "The Passion of Rosamund Keith" begins in a disappointing manner. The style is high-flown and rather hysterical. The story is redeemed in the second part, which contains a number of striking scenes—Rosamund's life in a monastery being particularly well described. There is real passion in the book, and something strong will come from its author when he has learnt restraint.*]

POWER, E. M.—Blue and White.....Moran
[*An interesting tale of the Royalist rising of the Chouans of Brittany in* 1795.]

QUANTOCK, A.—Tandra, 3/6 .....Pearson
[*Mr. Quantock writes forcible and fluent English. His first chapter is a brilliant bit of description. The story altogether is a lively one, dealing with the wild life "under the Tropic of the He-Goat," in a region where "convenances" are unknown.*]

RAE-BROWN, C.—The Resurrection of His Grace, 2/6.....Greening
[*A story of race-course swindling, not very edifying nor very interesting to those unconnected with the turf.*]

RAMSAY, Mrs. W. M.—The Romance of Elisavet, 5/-.....Hodder
[*See p.* 81.]

READ, O.—The Waters of Caney Fork, 6/-.....Innes
[*A story of Northern Tennessee, chiefly concerned with the love affairs of a small group of very unconventional people. A clever and strong-minded young schoolmistress contributes a great many pages of smartish talk. There is a lovely girl, not in her sound mind, a brutal cattle-seller, and a doctor. The book is a readable one, in spite of mannerisms.*]

SERGEANT, A.—The Common Lot, 3/6.....Melrose
[*A pleasant but somewhat colourless story of a family who lose money, become dependent on an elder sister, and after many domestic troubles attain to ease and happiness once more.*]

SHELDON, Rev. C. M.—The Miracle at Markham, 2/6.....Kelly

SPURR, H. A.—A Cockney in Arcadia, 3/6.....Allen
[*An amusing account of a Cockney's first impressions of rural life. There are some good illustrations by Mr. John Hassall and Mr. Cecil Aldin.*]

SYNNOT, Mrs. M.—Angus Faulkener, 3/6.....Sonnenschein
[*A simple Australian story telling of the love affairs of two charming girls. There are a good many touches of the amateur scattered through it, but the writer has a pleasant and readable style.*]

THRELFALL, T. R.—Sword of Allah, 3/6.....Ward, Lock

TWEEDALE, V.—The Kingdom of Mammon, 6/-.....Long
[*A merciless exposure of a particularly unworthy type of High Church Ritualist. The author has side hits at all forms of Christian effort, including what he calls "that peculiarly purblind and distorted body, the London Missionary Society." In fact, he finds little to admire in "this Brummagem age of tinselled vulgarity," except, possibly, agnosticism. We, for our part, do not admire his ill-mannered and ill-tempered heroine, nor his own cynical and sneering attitude towards humanity. The book is terribly dull at the beginning, perhaps fortunately, since it is not one which it will profit people to read.*]

WALWORTH, J. H.—Fortune's Tangled Skein, 3/6.....Warne
[*Once more a mysterious murder. The scene is laid in the States this time, and there is a very bright young lady detective on the trail. The story is a lively one, though the heroics are a little exaggerated.*]

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DICKENS, C.—Dombey and Son, 3 vols. (Temple Edition), 4/6 .. Dent

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KERNAHAN, C.—A Dead Man's Diary, 6d.....Ward, Lock

MORRISON, H. S.—A Yankee Boy's Success, 6d.....Newnes

NORRIS, W. E.—My Friend Jim, 6d. .....Macmillan

SCOTT, Sir W.—The Betrothed; The Talisman (Temple Edition) 1/6 each .....Dent

SCOTT, Sir W.—The Betrothed; The Talisman (Border Edition), 3/6 Nimmo

SCOTT, Sir W.—Woodstock (Border Edition), 3/6.....Nimmo

SHELDON, Rev C. M.—The Crucifixion of Philip Strong, 6d...Newnes

THACKERAY, W. M.—Ballads and Miscellanies (Biographical Edition), 6/-.....Smith, Elder
[*See p.* 82.]

The Hypocrite, 2/6 .....Greening

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BIE, O.—A History of the Pianoforte and Pianoforte Players, translated and revised by E. E. Kellett and E. W. Naylor, 12/6 ..... Dent
[*This is rather a version than a translation of Dr. Bie's "Das Klavier." It is written in a more popular style than the original, and should be highly appreciated by musical amateurs as well as more serious students. The book contains many interesting portraits and facsimiles.*]

British Anthologies—Shakespeare, Jonson, and Milton, 2/6 each Frowde
[*The first three volumes of a projected series, which will include anthologies of English poems and songs, many of them little known, grouped under the leading name of the period each volume covers. The books are clearly printed and neatly bound.*]

FIELD, M.—Anna Ruina, 3/6.....Nutt
[*See p.* 84.]

SIGERSON, D.—Ballads and Poems, 3/6.....Bowden

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BRIDGES, R.—Poems, 1/- ..... Bell
[*A little paper-covered edition containing some of the best of the poet's work. It is quite worth buying and rebinding, for the paper and print are very good.*]

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DANTE.—The Divina Commedia and Canzoniere, translated by Dean Plumptre in five volumes, vols. 1 and 2, Hell and Purgatory, 2/6 each ..... Isbister

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[*A daintily bound and quaintly illustrated edition.*]

SHAKESPEARE, W.—Works, Vol. IV., edited by Prof. C. H. Herford (Eversley Series), 5/-.....Macmillan
[*See p.* 84.]

SHAKESPEARE, W.—Merchant of Venice, edited by J. Strong (Black's School Shakespeare), 1/-.....A. & C. Black
[*An admirable class-book, containing ample introduction, sufficient notes, and some useful examination questions.*]

SHAKESPEARE, W.—Sonnets, illustrated by Henry Ospovat, 3/6.Lane
[*The illustrations are effective, and most of them very artistically designed.*]

TENNYSON, Lord.—Poetical Works (Globe Edition), 3/6 .. Macmillan
[*See p.* 84.]

WILLIAMS, F. H.—English Roses, 6/-.....Simpkin

YEATS, W. B.—Poems, 7/6..... Unwin

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

American Historical Review, Vol. IV., No. 3.....Macmillan
[*Contains among other articles an interesting paper on the Recantations of the Early Lollards and reviews of Miss Foxcroft's "Halifax," Lord Ashbourne's "Pitt," and Busch's "Bismarck."*]

Autobiography of Mrs. Oliphant, edited by Mrs. Harry Coghill, 21/- Blackwood

BECKE, L., and JEFFERY, W.—The Naval Pioneers of Australia, 7/6 Murray

BERESFORD, Lord C.—The Break-up of China, 12/- ..... Harper
[*See p.* 77.]

BERTRAND, A.—The Kingdom of the Barotsi, trans. by A. B. Miall, 16/- ..... Unwin

BRETON, F.—"God Save England!" 6/- .....Richards

DODGE, W. P.—Piers Gaveston, 12/- .....Unwin

DOUGLAS, Sir G.—A History of the Border Counties—Roxburgh, Selkirk, and Peebles, 7/6 ....Blackwood

GROSER, H. G.—Oliver Cromwell (Splendid Lives Series), 1/- S. S. Union
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HOLGATE, C. W.—Winchester Long Rolls, 10/-...Wells (Winchester)

JACKSON, F. G.—A Thousand Days in the Arctic, 2 vols., 32/- Harper

JACKS, W.—The Life of Prince Bismarck.....Maclehose
[*Mr. Jacks does not consider Bush's diary a "credible record" of Bismarck's Life, and says of Bismarck's own book that "it is the product of a time of life when that clear eye had become somewhat dim." His defence of the great Chancellor is an elaborate piece of work, but unconvincing. He has marshalled his facts with great care; his quotations from Bismarck's speeches and letters are really valuable, although there is no novelty in them. There are a number of good and uncommon illustrations. Altogether it is a useful collection of the dry-bones of history.*]

JONES, W.—Quaker Campaigns in Peace and War, 6/- .....Headley
[*Mr. Jones has had a varied and interesting career. His experiences during the Franco-German War, and, later, in Bulgaria, Australia, China, Japan, and America are well worth noting. His journeys were undertaken mainly at the request of the Society of Friends, and*

had for their object the relief of suffering and the furtherance of the cause of peace. The book is discursive and too long, but leisurely people will find pleasant reading among its amiable personal reminiscences.]

JOLY, H.—Saint Ignatius of Loyola, translated by Mildred Partridge. With a Preface by George Tyrrell, S.J., 3/-..Duckworth

LEACH, A. F.—A History of Winchester College, 6/- ....Duckworth
[*This is the first connected and complete history of the College which has appeared. It forms a handsome volume, and is in every way worthy of its place in this admirable "English Public Schools" Series.*]

Letters of Thomas Carlyle to his Youngest Sister, 6/- ..... Chapman

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[*See p. 77.*]

LUMSDEN, Gen. Sir P. S., and ELSMIE, G. R.—Lumsden of the Guides, 16/- ....Murray

LYNCH, H.—Toledo, Illustrated by H. M. Jones, 3/6..... Dent

MACKAIL, J. W.—The Life of William Morris, 2 vols., 32/-..Longmans
[*See p. 73.*]

MCCARTHY, J.—Reminiscences, 2 vols., 24/-.....Chatto
[*See p. 78.*]

PIKE, G. H.—Cromwell and His Times, 6/-.....Unwin

REID, Sir W.—The Life of William Ewart Gladstone, 7/6 ....Cassell

Richard Holt Hutton, of "The Spectator," 2/- .....Oliver and Boyd
[*A disappointing monograph. The anonymous author adds nothing to our knowledge of the editor of the Spectator, and his account of his work is singularly inadequate.*]

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[*This life-story of the most unhappy Empress of Austria is evidently one written by one who enjoyed her peculiar intimacy. It is a tragic history—indiscreet perhaps in places, but absorbingly interesting. We have seldom read a more moving book.*]

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[*An interesting collection of reminiscences gathered from the journals and letters of Major George Simmons, Rifle Brigade, during the Peninsular War and the Campaign of Waterloo.*]

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[*Mr. Bodley's monumental work was freely noticed in these columns at the time of its appearance. The cheap edition in one volume is very welcome, and we have no doubt there will be a large demand for the book in this convenient form and at this very low price. A new preface discussing recent French developments has been added to this new issue.*]

LEWES, G. H.—Robespierre, 3/6 ....Chapman

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[*Another excellent number in this series. The maps and notes are most helpful.*]

BROCKINGTON, W. A.—Elements of Prose, 2/6 .....Blackie
[*Contains much technical instruction on the mechanical use of the English language. From it the young writer may learn something towards correctness of style, but little towards elegance and expressiveness. The author's own English is formal, dull, and artificial.*]

DE TABLEY, Lord.—The Flora of Cheshire, edited by Spencer Moore, 10/6.....Longmans
[*These MSS. left by the late Lord De Tabley form a book of much interest to botanists. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff supplies a biographical notice of the author.*]

EVANS, A. J., and FEARENSIDE, C. S.—The Certificate History of England (University Tutorial Series), 3/6 .....Clive
[*Includes the period 1700-1789. The book contains such portions of the Intermediate Text-book of English History as are required for the Certificate Examinations. This arrangement should be especially convenient to students and examination candidates.*]

KINGSLEY, R. G.—A History of French Art, 12/6 .....Longmans

LEWIS, A. S., and GIBSON, M. D.—The Palestinian Syriac Lectionary 52/6..... Kegan Paul

NAEGELY, H.—Concerning the Royal Academy and the Paris International Exhibition of 1900, and Other Reveries Stock
[*Evidently Mr. Naegely's artistic soul is sore vexed. The times are out of joint as far as art is concerned, and nothing seems to please his critical spirit. His sarcasm is amusing, however, and he will find many sympathisers, for no matter what the grievance may be, no man needs to grumble quite alone.*]

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